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CHRONICLE.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF CAPTAIN LEWIS WARRINGTON.

LEWIS WARRINGTON is a native of Virginia, which has been fruitful in distinguished men; and was partly educated at Williamsburg college, a seminary once famous as the residence of learning and science. The revolution, though in

general, favourable to the institutions of learning in this country, from various causes, proved highly injurious to this ancient establishment, which gradually fell into decay. Its antique cloisters, and gothic ailes were deserted for more fashionable establishments, and Virginia, instead of educating her youth at home, was indebted for their acquirements, their manners, and their morality, to the seminaries of other states. Anxious for the honour of the native state of Washington, we would hail with pleasure every measure that promised to restore the once celebrated college of Williamsburg to its former usefulness, and would be gratified to see it placed on a footing with the power, the resources, and the reputation of Virginia.

At the age of about fifteen, young Warrington being appointed a midshipman in the United States' navy, joined the frigate Chesapeake then lying at Norfolk, in February 1800. In this ship he cruised on the West India station till May 1801, when she returned to the United States, and then went on board the frigate President under commodore Dale. This ship soon after sailed for the Mediterranean, where she remained until 1802 blockading Tripoli. The President, in May, 1802, returned to the United States, and Mr. Warrington then joined the frigate New York, in which ship he once more sailed for the Mediterranean, and returned in June 1803 to this country in the Chesapeake frigate. On his return, he was immediately ordered to the Vixen, then commanded by captain Smith, late of the Franklin seventy-four, who died lately in Philadelphia. In this vessel young Warrington again sailed for the Mediterranean in August 1803, and remained in her during the attacks on the gun-boats and batteries of Tripoli, in which the Vixen always took a part. In the month of November 1804 he was made acting lieutenant, and in July the next year went on board the brig Siren as junior lieutenant. In March 1806, he joined the Enterprise, as first lieutenant, and in July 1807 returned to the United States, after an absence of four years.

The gun-boat system was not then quite out of fashion, and on lieutenant Warrington's return to the United States, he was ordered to the command of a gun-boat on the Norfolk station, where commodore Decatur commanded at that time. It is difficult to conceive a situation more calculated to depress the spirits and mortify the pride of young officers, than the command of such a vessel as this. Independently of its precluding them from all opportunities of acquiring distinction or experience in their profession, it subjected them to all the hazards of idleness, placed them where they could never be out of the reach of actual contamination from those habits and manners, which, though custom has made us tolerate them in common sailors, destroy the reputation of officers and cover them with indelible disgrace. The pride of rank and command, the estimation of society, and all the strong supports of youthful character were taken away from the aspiring warrior, by thus placing him in a situation, where he was perpetually exposed to the ridicule of his countrymen, the contagion of gross manners, and forever placed beyond the hope of acquiring honourable distinction. It is well known to the senior officers of the service, that many fine youths lost themselves, irretrievably, and sunk under the disadvantages of their situation; and that so many of them should have surmounted it, is one among the many things they have done to entitle them to the applause of their country.

Perhaps these sentiments may be ascribed to party feelings, by those who cannot form even the abstract conception of a writer actuated on any occasion by a better motive. We have lately been accused on the one hand of displaying a hostile spirit towards England, and on the other, charged with a want of American feeling, in some of the preceding articles of the Naval Chronicle. We should be greatly surprised at the latter assertion, did it not come from a man, who having lately been relieved by the people of his native state, from the burthen of public duties, is now left to devour his own

heart in solitude and contempt, without any other solace than the miserable consolation of venting his spleen against one who, even in the zenith of his power, discovered, and proclaimed his imbecility. Be this as it may, we shall continue to express our opinions freely, because we give them with a full conviction of their truth; and boldly, because we have not the remotest fear, that we shall ever be capable of expressing a sentiment unworthy of Americans.

Lieutenant Warrington continued in the command of a gun-boat, until February 1809, when he was again ordered to the *Siren* as first lieutenant. On the return of this vessel from Europe, whither she went with despatches, he was ordered to the *Essex*, as her first lieutenant, in September the same year. In this ship he cruised on the American coast, and again carried out despatches for government, returning in August 1812. He was then ordered to the frigate *Congress*, as her first lieutenant, and sailed in her on the declaration of war, in company with the squadron under commodore Rodgers, intended to intercept the British West India fleet. The escape of this fleet was peculiarly fortunate to Great Britain, as commodore Rodgers passed and repassed them with his squadron repeatedly; but for thirteen or fourteen days, with very little intermission, the fog was so thick that his vessels could not distinguish each other at the distance of a quarter of a mile. Lieutenant Warrington continued in the *Congress* till March, 1813, when he became first of the frigate *United States*, where he remained till his promotion to the rank of master commandant, soon after which he took the command of the *Peacock* sloop of war.

Hitherto we have done little more than specify the gradual steps by which captain Warrington rose to a situation in which he soon drew the attention and merited the gratitude of his country, by an action which placed him in the rank of her favourite heroes. It will be observed that his promotion took place slowly and at regular intervals, step by step, as his experience increased, and his qualities gradually developed them-

selves. He rose from rank to rank, from a smaller to a larger ship, and from the various stations he has occupied, as well as the various grades of vessels he served in, it would seem that no officer of his age in the service, has had better opportunities of acquiring a consummate knowledge of his profession than captain Warrington. That he has profited by his experience is evident from his conduct in the action with the *Epervier*, as well as in his subsequent cruise in the straits of Sunda, and especially from the testimony of his seniors, who uniformly bear testimony to his talents and professional skill.

While cruising in the *Peacock* in latitude 27°, 47', he had the good fortune to fall in with the British brig of war *Epervier* with whom he engaged. The result of the action is thus communicated in his official letter to the secretary of the navy:

“ At sea, April 29th, 1814.

“ SIR,

“ I have the honour to inform you that we have this morning captured, after an action of forty-two minutes, his Britannic majesty's brig *Epervier*, rating and mounting eighteen thirty-two-pound carronades, with one hundred and twenty-eight men, of whom eleven were killed, and fifteen wounded, according to the best information we could obtain—among the latter is her first lieutenant, who has lost an arm, and received a severe splinter-wound in the hip. Not a man in the *Peacock* was killed, and only two wounded, neither dangerously. The fate of the *Epervier* would have been decided in much less time, but for the circumstance of our fore-yard having been totally disabled by two round-shot in the star-board-quarter from her first broadside, which entirely deprived us of the use of our fore-topsails, and compelled us to keep the ship large throughout the remainder of the action.

“ This, with a few topmast and topgallant backstays cut away, and a few shot through our sails, is the only injury the *Peacock* has sustained. Not a round-shot touched our hull, and our masts and spars are as sound as ever. When

the enemy struck, he had five feet water in his hold—his maintopmast was over the side—his mainboom shot away—his foremast cut nearly in two, and tottering—his fore-rigging and stays shot away—his bowsprit badly wounded, and forty-five shot holes in his hull, twenty of which were within a foot of his water-line, above and below. By great exertions we got her in sailing order just as night came on.

“ In fifteen minutes after the enemy struck, the Peacock was ready for another action, in every respect, but the foreyard, which was sent down, fished, and we had the foresail set again in forty-five minutes—such was the spirit and activity of our gallant crew. The Epervier had under convoy an English hermaphrodite brig, a Russian, and a Spanish ship, which all hauled their wind and stood to the E. N. E. I had determined upon pursuing the former, but found that it would not be prudent to leave our prize in her then crippled state, and the more particularly so, as we found she had on board one hundred and twenty thousand dollars in specie, which we soon transferred to this ship. Every officer, seaman, and marine did his duty, which is the highest compliment I can pay them.

I am, &c.

L. WARRINGTON.”

Captain Warrington had the good fortune to bring his prize safe into port, and on his return received the usual honours, which it had become customary to pay to men who conquered the enemy. Early in the following year he sailed from New York in company with the Hornet, captain Biddle, as part of a squadron under commodore Decatur in the President, which was intended to cruise in the Indian seas. The President had sailed shortly before, after appointing a rendezvous, and soon after was fallen in with by a British squadron, to which she was finally obliged to surrender, after having beaten the Endymion, their headmost ship. The Peacock and Hornet separated in chasing, and did not meet until they arrived at Tristan D'Acunha, the appointed rendezvous. From thence they proceeded to their ultimate destination, but were again

separated in consequence of falling in with a British line of battle ship, and never afterwards joined. The Hornet was obliged to throw over her guns to escape from the enemy, which rendered it necessary to return to port; but the Peacock gained the straits of Sunda, where she captured four vessels, one of them a brig of fourteen guns in the East India company's service. From this vessel captain Warrington received satisfactory assurances of the ratification of peace between the United States and England, and in consequence made the best of his way to this country, where he arrived the beginning of November last, after an absence of almost a year. The Peacock was the first ship of war belonging to the United States that ever cruised in the straits of Sunda, in no part of which is there a friendly port, where she could calculate on receiving any supplies whatever. Since captain Warrington took command of this ship, she has captured nineteen vessels, three of which were given up to prisoners, and sixteen destroyed.

As it is probable that for some time to come there will occur but few opportunities of gaining distinction in the service, in any other way than by the faithful discharge of the ordinary duties of the profession, our biographical labours may possibly be brought nearly to a close. It never was nor ever will be our intention, to cheapen one of the most honourable rewards of honourable actions, by decorating this work with the lives of men, who never performed any action worth remembering. By this indiscriminate praise the insignificant are only made more ridiculous by being placed in the cruel sunshine, which renders folly more perceptible, and imbecility more conspicuous—while he, who is truly deserving, shrinks in disgust from sharing in honours that are bestowed without discrimination, and received without desert. He who overcome, he who has valiantly defended himself against the enemy, he who has fallen with distinction in the service of his country—and he who has performed any illustrious action in her honour, or in her service, shall never want our feeble aid,

such as it is. But no consideration of interest, or popularity, shall ever induce us to prostitute the pages of this work, to the notice or praise of men whose services to their country are sufficiently repaid by the faithful and unquestionable records of a tomb-stone. Biography, as an incentive to virtue, or as a reward for its exercise, grows worthless, when it becomes a mere dictionary of names, arranged alphabetically, and commencing with Adam, and Aaron, not because they were the greatest of men, but because they begin with the first letter of the alphabet.

We have selected the distinguished officers of our navy as subjects for biography, not only because they naturally came under the notice of this work, but because their actions are not liable to doubt or misconstruction, and their victories when gained, are unquestionable. When they sink a ship, or bring her into port, or destroy, or capture a fleet, no denial, or opposite claim on the part of the beaten enemy can invalidate the victory, or render it for a moment doubtful. We have substantial proofs of its reality. If one vessel takes another, we know that the latter must be beaten. If two vessels separate after an action, we know that it is a drawn battle. But there is not this certainty with respect to the operations of armies, and for the most part we can only ascertain the result of an engagement, by the movements which take place afterwards. The consequence is, that we are continually presented with the preposterous spectacle of two nations singing *Te Deum* for the very same victory, and mocking Heaven with thanks for what cannot possibly be an advantage to both. One other observation will, we trust, be excused. The people of the United States seem now to consider it a matter of course to beat an Englishman of equal force. They passed suddenly from the depths of despondency to the pinnacle of exultation, and justified in some degree by numerous examples of success, in the opinion that success is easy, they have betrayed an indifference to our later naval triumphs, which is highly injurious, because it takes away one great incentive

to the exertions of generous minds. We hope it will be long before this confident opinion of superiority approaches to an arrogant presumption in the minds of our gallant tars, the fatal effects of which are exemplified in the disastrous and mortifying history of our great enemy, during the last war. Inflated by victories over enemies whose skill lay on the land, and not on the ocean, and elevated into a vain-glorious folly, by songs, and theatrical exhibitions, in which the poor Frenchman and Spaniard, and Portuguese and Yankee were always represented with some ridiculous circumstances of inferiority, they thought themselves invincible, and in the triumph of that conviction, forgot the means that had made them so.

To that nation, we are often referred for examples, and it is sometimes well to look to her, at least for examples of what we ought to avoid. Though we believe the warning is not necessary, still we will anticipate its necessity, and caution the gallant officers of our navy, never, under the idea of superiority, to remit those cares and exertions by which that superiority was gained—never while they live, to rely upon any thing for success, but their own actual skill and valour, which are much better securities for victory, than the memory of former triumphs arising from causes that have ceased to exist, or any delusive reliance on the inferiority of the enemy. The English, with whom we seem destined some day or other to dispute, and finally to decide the rights of nations on the ocean, though undoubtedly our inferiors in naval prowess, are by no means enemies to be despised. Let us not cease our exertions to beat them, because we have beaten them so easily, for if we do, we shall peradventure be caught napping on the waves, and thrown upon our backs like a great turtle, as *they* were at the commencement of the last war. The late reduction of the British navy, so far from offering an argument against the propriety of this vigilance, enforces the necessity of its unremitting exercise. By reducing her navy, Britain will be the better enabled to equip and man her remaining ships of war with crews not taken indiscriminately from all

nations, but actually selected for their skill, experience and physical qualities. If she finds it necessary to increase the number of her vessels, they will be built with all the improvements of modern naval architecture, and constructed after our own admirable models, for the express purpose of deciding forever the question of superiority. Wo then to the American who shall have relaxed his discipline, or suffered his skill to decline for want of exercise; for we confidently predict that the next struggle on the land and the ocean, will be more hard than the last—and the one after that, still harder. *Three Punic wars* decided forever the struggle between the greatest commercial state, and the most renowned of the ancient republics, and it will probably not take less to settle the great question, between the greatest commercial state, and the greatest republic of modern times.

ACCOUNT OF RAIS HAMMIDA,

THE LATE ALGERINE ADMIRAL:

Communicated principally by an American gentleman, who resided several years at Algiers, and was well acquainted with Rais Hammida.

RAIS HAMMIDA, the admiral of Algiers, who fell gallantly defending his ship, in the late action with commodore Decatur, was an Arab, of one of the tribes, or kabyles, of Berebbers, who inhabit the mountains of Atlas, north of the city of Morocco. They live principally in tents, are hardy, nervous, robust, and capable of great abstinence and fatigue. Their language is said to differ entirely from the Arabic, which is the general dialect of Africa, and is supposed to be derived from the ancient Carthaginian. Mr. James Grey Jackson, who travelled among the Berebber kabyles of *Ait Imure*, and *Zemure Sholluh*, says that he noticed among them a great many physiognomies that were purely Roman.

The usual occupation of these people is husbandry, and they make vast quantities of honey and wax, which they dis-

pose of in the commercial towns. Being active, hardy, acute and enterprising, the young men often come down to the cities to seek their fortunes, where the pride and indolence of the Moors secure them employment. In this pursuit Rais Hammida came to Algiers when quite a boy, and either choice or accident threw him on board an Algerine cruiser, in which he made his first essay on the element whose dangers and hardships seem to give a hardihood and fearlessness to the human mind, that is not generated in any other sphere of life. The particulars of his early career, and the gradual development of his character and talents, are not known to us, for in Algiers they have neither newspapers nor chronicles to acquaint the people with passing events, and preserve the memory of gallant actions. The fashionable doctrine of the east, is that those who can read will find the elements of all human knowledge in the *Koran*, and the khalif Omar gave a practical illustration of this great precept, when he set on fire the Alexandrian library. Another fashionable axiom is, that the people ought to know nothing of the administration of the government, except through the medium of the single sense of feeling, by which they are from time to time reminded that they have a master. Of this master they are exceedingly fond, and it is inconceivable with what contempt they treat people who have no bashaw, or bey, to tickle them now and then with the bowstring, or fine them for being rich, when they have no business to be so. They resemble those horses, who are said to be proud of their riders, and value themselves, not on their own strength, beauty or swiftness, but solely on account of the dignity they carry on their backs. Men indeed must have something to be proud of, and the sources of that gratification are so various and whimsical, that we sometimes see nations valuing themselves on the glory of a tyrant, whose reputation is acquired at the price of their own blood, and pointing the attention of the stranger to the splendours of a court, the luxuries of which are bought with their daily bread, and daily toils. Two poor slaves were once disputing about

the dignity of their masters, and the preference was at last accorded to the master who whipped the most often, and was of course the greatest man.

The Arabian boy, Rais Hammida, was perhaps about seventeen when he made his first cruise, and soon became distinguished among the lazy Algerines, for his talents and enterprising spirit. By rapid steps he attained to the command of a frigate, and in the year 1801 took a Portuguese frigate of equal or superior force to his own, which had been fitted out expressly to cruise against the Algerines. The Portuguese was boarded and carried without the loss of a single man on the part of the infidels, while that of the Portuguese was upwards of seventy killed and wounded. People easily find excuses for being beaten, as we know by late experience, and the Portuguese alleged that they were taken by surprise, though the affair happened about noonday. It is certain that the Portuguese had been the day before in company with an American frigate bound to Tripoli, and supposing the Algerine to be the same, made no preparation for defence until it was too late. Whether taken by surprise or not, is, however, of little consequence in lessening the glory of Rais Hammida, or the disgrace of his enemies. To be taken by surprise, at such a time and in such a situation, is almost as disgraceful as to be guilty of cowardice, and the boldness of the attempt is not diminished on the part of Rais by these circumstances; because he could not have anticipated the negligence of his enemy. The capture of this vessel affords no ground of triumph to a brave man, however we may consider it; for both the Spanish and Portuguese naval establishments have, for a long time, been on the worst possible footing. Their outfits are altogether deficient, their officers generally without experience, as happened to be the case in the instance we have just mentioned, where the captain of the frigate, as we have been assured by a Portuguese gentleman, was then for the second time in his life at sea, and the men for the most part entirely destitute of a knowledge of even the rudiments of the profes-

sion. The impressments of these two nations are not like those of England, confined to seamen, but extend to every vagabond of the streets, who is hurried on board and carried to sea, utterly destitute of every habit and qualification of a sailor. It is a fact well known at Cadiz, and supported by the testimony of half the city, that at the battle of Trafalgar, a great portion of the Spanish *sailors*, as they are called, were sea-sick. It is evident, therefore, that victories over such enemies are no ground for extraordinary exultation; and we should not have thought of giving Rais Hammida credit for this affair, if greater, than he had not assumed such triumphs as a foundation for the most arrogant presumption. Among the Lilliputians Gulliver was a giant; among the natives of Brobdignag, he was a dwarf. Such is the way of the world: the same man may be a giant among dwarfs, and a dwarf among giants, and be relatively great or small according to the size of his rivals or his associates.

In the year 1810, we find Rais Hammida admiral of Algiers; but how he got to be so, history does not tell. In this situation, however, he again signalized his boldness in the presence of his old enemy the Portuguese. In the summer of that year he went into the Atlantic with three frigates, and cruised for some time off the rock of Lisbon, where he took several valuable prizes. The Portuguese, who always kept a force in the bay of Gibraltar,* determined to intercept him on his return through the straits, and on his approach put to sea with a ship of the line and three heavy frigates. The Algerines passed the bay of Gibraltar under easy sail, and when they saw the Portuguese ships coming out, hove to off Europa

* The Arabians call Gibraltar (says Mr. Jackson) *Jibbel-traf*, that is to say the mountain of the part of *El-Garb*. The explanation of the name is this: *El-Garb* signifies the west, and is the westernmost province of the empire of Morocco. There is a tradition among the Arabs, that the rock of Gibraltar and cape Trafalgar, which they call *Traf-al-Garb*, were formerly parts of and united to the province of *El-Garb*, which extended across, thus shutting up the Mediterranean, whose waters flowed into the Atlantic through a subterranean passage.

Point with a view to offer them battle. One of the Portuguese ships, commanded by an Englishman of the name of Thompson, bore down on the Algerines, and gave them a broadside, but was immediately called off by signal from the admiral. The two squadrons lay some time looking at each other, and the Portuguese finally returned to Gibraltar, while the Algerines quietly passed up the Mediterranean, where they cruised some time without molestation, before they returned to Algiers. When the engagement between the two squadrons was supposed to be about to take place, the inhabitants and garrison of Gibraltar, flocked to Europa Point in expectation of the event, and while they admired the boldness of Rais Hammida, in offering battle to a force so greatly superior, expressed their disgust at the conduct of the Portuguese admiral. He was afterwards tried at Lisbon, and it is understood was acquitted with high compliments to his exemplary gallantry in looking at a superior enemy.

In the war between Algiers and Tunis, which still continues, Rais Hammida distinguished himself as usual by his boldness and activity. He scoured the coasts of the enemy, blockaded his ports, and occasionally made descents and attacked his smaller towns, by which means he became the terror of the Tunisians. In 1811 he fell in with and captured the Tunisian admiral in a frigate of thirty-two guns, after a sharp action. Rais Hammida, however, did not claim any credit for this victory; because the Tunisian fleet deserted its admiral on the approach of the Algerines; and although Rais forbade the other vessels of his squadron to come near while he engaged alone, yet, as his ship was superior to her opponent, and he considered the presence of the other ships as calculated to discourage resistance, he never plumed himself on this affair. We cannot help wishing that other nations would take example from this mountain Arab, and refrain from the disingenuous artifice of ascribing victories to a single ship, that were gained by a squadron.

But the character which Rais Hammida had established by long service, and so many bold and successful enterprises, could never raise him to a level with the most insignificant *Turk* in the estimation of this legitimate government. His talents forced him into the confidence of the dey, and caused him to be selected for the conduct of every naval enterprise; but he was frequently subjected to the most mortifying insults and indignities, even from the lowest of the Turkish soldiers. "One instance of this," says the gentleman who furnished us with the greater part of this article, "came to my knowledge. The country-seat, or garden as it is called in Algiers, of Rais Hammida, joined that which I occupied. The ground between our houses was much broken and over-run with brushwood. Some carbiles (labourers) in the employment of Rais Hammida, came one day on that part of the ground which belonged to my garden, and cut some of the brushwood, to burn a lime-kiln for him. They were seen by my janizary, or Turkish soldier, who had the care of the garden, who obliged them to bring all the brush they had cut into my enclosure, and then dismissed each with a severe bastinado. This was in the winter season when I resided in town; but my janizary soon informed me of what he had done, for which I reprimanded him severely, as the ground was useless, and what they had taken was useless to me. He justified himself on the plea of their not having first obtained permission to cut the wood. A few days after I met Rais Hammida, who complained very bitterly to me of the conduct of my janizary. I told him I disapproved of the act, and had reprimanded him very severely for what he had done. But, said I, Rais Hammida, why do you not take *Sidi Alli* to task for this act? You have my full permission to do so as far as it depends on me. Ah! senior consul, replied he, don't you know *Sidi Alli*, although a poor soldier, and far inferior to me in every other respect, is a *Turk*, and that here on shore I dare not reprimand him, though I feel myself, and am known to be so much his superior. *I was not born in the dominions of the grand signior.*"

Such is the nature of despotism every where. Its imbecility forces it to employ the talents of men of inferior rank, whose genius is absolutely necessary to the support of the miserable pageant who occupies the throne, and who, while availing himself of their exertions, still takes care to let them know, that he considers the accidental distinction of birth as far superior to those endowments which are emphatically the gift of the Creator.

After being long the terror of the Mediterranean, Rais Hammida, at last, had the ill luck to fall in with the American squadron under commodore Decatur. Finding it impossible to escape, he determined to defend his ship in such a manner as to justify the reputation he had acquired. His ship was taken; but Rais Hammida was killed before she surrendered, and it is said died as he had lived, without ever having struck his flag to an enemy. In his person, he was of a middle size, well-formed and active, with an intelligent countenance, and keen expressive eye. His manners were easy and agreeable, and his disposition partook much of that of a sailor all over the world. In his various cruises he acquired very considerable wealth, but seemed to have little regard for money, which he spent in the luxurious indulgencies of the most dissipated Mahometans. Although a bold and successful freebooter, according to the modes of thinking among civilized nations, he was never accused of committing a cruel or ungenerous action, but was liberal and courteous to his prisoners, so far as accorded with the customs of the country which he had adopted. From all that is known of Rais Hammida, it seems extremely probable, that had his talents been properly cultivated, and his services engaged by a government that knew how to appreciate them, he would have acquired an extensive fame, and risen to the highest honours of his profession. Still, under every disadvantage of situation, he did arise to great distinction, in that sea which was the theatre of his exploits, and will probably long be remembered by the nations bordering on the Mediterranean.

OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS.

Correspondence between commodore Decatur, and the marquis Cercello, minister to the king of the Two Sicilies.

THE occasion of this correspondence, must be grateful to the feelings, and gratifying to the pride of our countrymen. It is honourable to our national character, and peculiarly honourable to the gallant officer who thus remembered the debt of gratitude our country owed, and in paying it, discharged at the same time a debt of humanity, by freeing the captives from their chains. The days of chivalry, though past in the old, seem yet to subsist in the new world, which still furnishes gallant spirits who go forth, to assert not only the freedom of their countrymen, but also that of strangers.

Copy of a letter from commodore Decatur to his excellency the marquis Cercello, secretary of state and minister of foreign affairs to his majesty the king of Naples.

U. S. Ship Guerriere, Naples, September 8th, 1815.

SIR,—I have the honour to inform your excellency, that in my late negociation with the bashaw of Tripoli, I demanded and obtained the release of eight Neapolitan captives, subjects of his majesty the king of the Two Sicilies. These I have landed at Messina. It affords me great pleasure to have had it in my power, by this small service, to evince to his majesty the grateful sense entertained by my government of the aid formerly rendered to us by his majesty, during our war with Tripoli.

With the greatest respect and consideration, I have the honour to be, your excellency's most obedient servant,

STEPHEN DECATUR.

*His excellency the marquis Cercello,
secretary of state, &c. &c.*

Naples, 12th Sept. 1815.

SIR,—Having laid before the king, my master, the paper which you have directed me, dated the 8th inst. in which you were pleased to acquaint me, that in your last negociation with the bey of Tripoli, you had freed from the slavery of

that regency eight subjects of his majesty, whom you had also set on shore at Messina: his majesty has ordered me to acknowledge this peculiar favour, as the act of your generosity, which you have been pleased to call a return for the trifling assistance which the squadron of your nation formerly received from his royal government during the war with Tripoli.

In doing myself the pleasure of manifesting this sentiment of my king, and of assuring you in his name, that the brave American nation will always find in his majesty's ports the best reception—I beg you will receive the assurances of my most distinguished consideration.

MARQUIS CERCELLO,

Secretary of state and minister of foreign affairs.

Commodore Decatur, commander of the
squadron of the U. S. of America.

Letter from captain John M. Gamble of the marines, detailing the occurrences which took place at Nooaheevah after the departure of captain Porter, and his subsequent capture by the Cherub.

New-York, August 1815.

SIR,

I have the honour to inform you, that on the 12th of December, 1813, the day on which the Essex frigate, and Essex Junior, took their departure from Nooaheevah, I was left in port Anna Maria bay, with eighteen men under my command, and six prisoners of war, in charge of the establishment on shore, together with the prize-ships Greenwich, Seringapatam, and Sir Andrew Hammond, with orders from captain Porter to remain five and a half calendar months at that place—at the expiration of which time, should he not return, or send me further instructions how to act, I was, if possible, to man two of the ships, and after taking every article of value out of the other, and burning that ship, to repair to the port of Valparaiso—where, in the event of my not finding the frigate or additional orders, I was authorized to dispose of one of the

ships to the best advantage, taking on board the other all the men under my charge, as well as the prize-crews of the different ships then in that port, and proceed to the United States.

After receiving those instructions, my first object was, agreeably to the wish of captain Porter, to fill the ship *New-Zealand* with oil from the other ships; and on the 28th of the same month she took her departure for the United States, with a cargo of nineteen hundred and fifty barrels, and well found in every respect for so long a voyage.

With regret, sir, I have to inform you, the frigate had not got clear of the *Marquesas*, before we discovered in the natives a hostile disposition towards us, and in a few days they became so insolent, that I found it absolutely necessary, not only for the security of the ships and property on shore, but for our personal safety, to land my men and regain by force of arms the many articles they had in the most daring manner stolen from the encampment; and what was of still greater importance, to prevent, if possible, their putting threats into execution, which might have been attended with the most serious consequences on our part, from duty requiring my men to be so much separated.

I, however, had the satisfaction to accomplish my wish without firing a musket, and from that time lived in perfect amity with them, until the 7th May following, when my distressed situation placed me in their power.

Before mentioning the lamentable events of that day, and the two succeeding ones, I shall give you a brief account of a few preceding occurrences which were sources of great uneasiness to me.

The first was the death of John Witter (a faithful old marine) who was unfortunately drowned in the surf on the afternoon of the 28th February, and the desertion of four of my men; the one Isaac Coffin (black man) had deserted from the *Essex* the day before she sailed out of the bay, and was then a prisoner for attempting the second time to make his escape

from the ships. They took the advantage of a dark night, and left the bay in a whale-boat, unobserved by any person, all, excepting the prisoner, having the watch on deck. They took with them several muskets, a supply of ammunition, and many things of but little value. My attempt to pursue them was prevented, by their destroying, in a great measure, the only remaining boat at that time seaworthy.

On the 12th April began to rig the ships Seringapatam, and Sir Andrew Hammond, which, as I calculated, employed the men until the 1st May. All hands were then engaged in getting the remainder of the property from the Greenwich to the Seringapatam, as I began to despair of the frigate re-joining me at that place.

The work went on well, and the men were obedient to my orders, though I discovered an evident change in their countenances, which led me to suppose there was something wrong in agitation, and under that impression had all the muskets, ammunition, and small arms of every description taken to the Greenwich (the ship I lived on board of) from the other ships, as a necessary precaution against a surprise from my own men.

On the 7th May, while on board the Seringapatam on duty which required my being present, I was suddenly and violently attacked by the men employed in that ship. After struggling a short time, and receiving many bruises, I was thrown down on the deck and my hands and legs immediately tied. They then threw me on the second deck, thence dragged me into the cabin, and confined me to the run, where in a few minutes midshipman Feltus, and acting midshipman Clapp were thrown in, tied in the same manner as myself: the scuttle was then nailed down and a sentinel placed over it.

After spiking all the guns of the Greenwich, and of the fort, and those of the Sir Andrew Hammond that were loaded, plundering the ships of every thing valuable,—committing many wanton depredations on shore, taking all the arms and ammunition from the Greenwich; sending for Ro-

bert White, the man who was sent out of the Essex for mutinous conduct, and bending the necessary sails, they stood out of the bay, with a light wind off the land.

My fellow prisoners, and shortly after myself, were then taken out of the run, and placed in the cabin, under the immediate charge of several sentinels.

Shortly after getting clear of the bay, one of the sentinels, though he had been repeatedly cautioned against putting his finger on the trigger, fired a pistol, the contents of which passed through my heel a little below the ankle bone.

I had not received the wound a moment before the men on deck pointed their muskets down the sky-light, and were in the act of firing, when the sentinel prevented them by saying the pistol was accidentally discharged.

At 9 o'clock, the night dark, and the wind blowing fresh, after receiving by request from the mutineers a barrel of powder, and three old muskets, I was put in a leaky boat, where I found my unfortunate companions.

In that situation, after rowing at least six miles, and every person exhausted from the great exertion made to prevent the boat from sinking, we reached the Greenwich, where I found my few remaining men anxiously looking out for me, and seriously alarmed at the conduct of the savages. They had already begun to plunder the encampment, and were informed by Wilson (a man who had lived among them for several years, and who, as I afterwards learnt, was not only instrumental to the mutiny, but had in my absence plundered the Sir Andrew Hammond) of our defenceless situation.

Finding it impossible to comply with that part of my instructions directing me to remain in the bay until the 27th May—I thought it most advisable to repair to the port of Valparaiso; and with that view every soul, assisted by George Ross, and William Brudewell, (traders living on the island for the purpose of collecting sandal wood,) exerted themselves in making the necessary preparations to depart.

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My first object was to put the *Sir Andrew Hammond* in a situation that we might get under way at any moment. That done, all hands were engaged in getting the few articles of value from shore, and endeavouring to recover the stolen property from the *Sir Andrew Hammond*, when the savages made an unprovoked and wanton attack upon us, in which I have, with the deepest regret, to inform you, midshipman William Feltus, John Thomas, Thomas Gibbs, and William Brudewell were massacred, and Peter Caddington (marine) dangerously wounded; but he made his escape together with William Worth, by swimming some distance, when they were taken out of the water by midshipman Clapp, and the only three men left. Our situation at that moment was most desperate—the savages put off in every direction with a view to intercept the boat, and board the ship, but were driven back by my firing the few guns we had just before loaded with grape and canister shot.—Before the boat returned, and the guns were reloaded, they made the second attempt, and afterwards repeated attempts, first to board the *Sir Andrew Hammond*, and then the *Greenwich*—but were repulsed by our keeping up a constant firing. During this time several hundred were employed in pulling down the houses, and plundering the encampment, while others were in the fort, endeavouring (assisted by Wilson who had received several casks of powder from the mutineers) to get the spikes out of the guns.

As soon as William Worth had recovered a little strength after being so long in the water, I sent the boat to the *Greenwich*, for John Pittenger (a sick man) and some things that were indispensably necessary, and with orders to burn that ship, and return with all possible despatch, as our ammunition was nearly all expended, and we had no other means of keeping the savages one moment out of the ship. We then bent the jib and spanker, cut the moorings, and luckily had a light breeze that carried us clear of the bay, with six cartridges only remaining.

It was then we found our situation most distressing. In attempting to run the boat up, it broke in two parts, and we were compelled to cut away from the bows our only anchor, not being able to cat it. We mustered altogether eight souls—out of which there was one cripple confined to his bed, one man dangerously wounded, one sick, one convalescent, a feeble old man just recovering from the scurvy, and myself unable to lend any further assistance, the exertions of the day having so greatly inflamed my wound as to produce a violent fever,—leaving midshipman Clapp, and two men only capable of doing duty. In that state, destitute of charts and of every means of getting to windward, I saw but one alternative, to run the trade winds down, and if possible make the Sandwich islands, in hopes of either falling in with some of the Canton ships, (that being their principal place of rendezvous) or of obtaining some assistance from Tamaahmaah, the king of the Windward Islands.

No time was lost in bending the topsails, and on the 10th of May we took our departure from Roberts island. On the 25th of the same month made Owhyhee, and on the 30th, after suffering much, came to an anchor in Whytete bay, at the island of Whooohoo, where I found captain Winship, several officers of ships, and a number of men, from whom (particularly captain W.) I received every assistance their situation could afford me.

The natives, though at first surprised at our deplorable condition, and inquisitive to know the cause of it, which I did not think prudent to inform them, supplied the ship with fresh meat, fruits, and vegetables, partly on condition that I would take the chief men of the island, and some others with their property up to the Windward Island, (where I found it necessary to go,) after shipping some men, in order to procure a supply of salt provisions from the king. From thence it was my intention to have proceeded to Valparaiso in compliance with my instructions from captain Porter,—but I was unfortunately captured on the passage by the English ship *Cherub*

of twenty guns. I was somewhat surprised to hear captain Tucker say (when I pointed out a valuable canoe, and many other articles which I assured him was the property of the natives, and that I was merely conveying them, and it, from the one island to the other, the weather being too boisterous at that time for them to make the passage in their canoes,) that every thing found in a prize-ship belonged to the captors.

So that I had the mortification to see the people from whom I had received so much kindness, sent on shore, deprived of all they had been collecting for twelve months past, and were about to present to their king as a tribute imposed upon them.

The Cherub then proceeded to Atooi, where after capturing the ship Charon, and making many fruitless attempts to get the cargo of that ship, and of several others that had been deposited on the island, under the immediate protection of the king of the Leeward Islands, she took her departure on the 15th July from that place, and on the 28th November following, arrived at Rio de Janeiro with her prizes, touching on the passage for refreshments at Otaheite and at Valparaiso. During her stay at the latter place, the frigates Briton and Tagus arrived from the Marquesas, where they had been in search of the ships left under my charge.

On the 15th of December the prisoners were sent on shore, having received the most rigorous treatment from captain Tucker, during their long confinement in his ship, and the greater part of them, like the natives, left destitute of every thing, save the clothes on their backs. The men belonging to the Essex had but little to lose, but those I shipped at Waahoo had received in part, money and goods for one, two, and some of them three years services in the Canton ships.

On the 15th of May, by the advice of a physician who attended me, I took my departure from Rio de Janeiro, in a Swedish ship bound to Havre de Grace, leaving behind acting midshipman Benjamin Clapp, and five men, having lost one soon after my arrival at that place with the small-pox.

No opportunity had previously offered by which I could possibly get from thence, the English admiral on that station, being determined to prevent by every means in his power American prisoners from returning to their own country.

On the 10th instant, in latitude 47 degrees North, and in longitude 18 degrees West, I took passage on board the ship Oliver Ellsworth (captain Roberts) fifteen days from Havre de Grace, bound to New York.

I arrived here last evening and have the honour to await either the orders of the navy department, or of the commandant of the marine corps.

I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

JOHN M. GAMBLE.

*To the honourable the Secretary of the
Navy, Washington.*

Copy of a letter from captain Lewis Warrington, commanding the U. States' sloop of war Peacock, to the secretary of the navy, dated

New York, Nov. 2, 1815.

"I have the honour to inform you, that the U. S. sloop Peacock arrived at this place on Monday evening last, after an absence of nine months.

"As by the arrival of the Tom Bowline and Hornet, you have been made acquainted with our transactions up to the 29th of April, I shall commence from our separation from the latter. In May, we reached the isles of St. Paul and Amsterdam, (our second rendezvous) where we found a letter for us, which had been left a few days before by the Macedonian brig, informing us of the President's action and probable capture. Here I had intended remaining some time, to rejoin the Hornet; but being carried to leeward, in chase of a strange sail, we were not able to regain them; and were at last compelled by a very severe gale to bear up, and on the 8th of June made the island of Java. From that time until the 29th,

we were cruising in the straits of Sunda, where we made four captures; two of which were burnt, a third was given up to carry one hundred and fifty prisoners into Batavia, and the fourth released, as from her we learned that a peace had been made.

“From the different captures we obtained about fifteen thousand dollars in specie, and gold to the amount of four or five thousand dollars more. We have on board ten chests of opium. The first prize was loaded with pepper, and a few bales of coarse goods for the Malay market; some of which (as we had no room to stow them away) we distributed amongst the crew, as they were much in want of thin clothes. Of the money, five thousand dollars were divided by me amongst the officers and men, not one of whom had previously a dollar; the remainder has been expended in the disbursements of the ship.

“From Java we proceeded to the island of Bourbon, where we procured bread and other articles, of which we were much in want, as we were on an allowance of half a pound of bread per man. From Bourbon, which we left in August, we made the best of our way to the United States, touching for a few days at St. Helena.”

—

List of vessels taken by the U. States' sloop Peacock, referred to in the above letter.

	GUNS.	TONS.
June 13th, ship Union,	8	300 burnt.
21st, Venus,	2	360 gave up to the prisoners.
29th, Brie Deelar	2	340 burnt.
30th, East India Co's. brig Nautilus,	14 guns;	given up on her giving satisfactory evidence of the ratification of peace.

Letters from commodore Bainbridge to the secretary of the
navy.

*U. S. ship Independence,
Harbour of Carthagea, Aug. 10, 1815.*

SIR,

I have the honour to inform you, that I arrived here on the 5th instant, where I found the United States' ship Erie, which had arrived two days before, and the brig Chippewa, which arrived on the morning of the fifth. Both of these vessels parted from the Independence in a fog, on the fourth ultimo. I also found here the brig Spark and schooner Torch of the first squadron, and yesterday arrived the frigate Congress.

Peace having taken place with the regency of Algiers, it only now remains for me to obey your instructions, by showing this ship and those of my squadron off Tunis and Tripoli, and leaving one frigate and two smaller vessels, near the Gut of Gibraltar, and return to Newport with the rest of the squadron, where I shall expect to arrive some time in September next.

It is with much pleasure I inform you, that the performance of the Independence at sea, in all kinds of wind and weather, has been highly satisfactory.

I have the honour to be, &c.

WILLIAM BAINBRIDGE.

*Honourable B. W. Crowninshield,
secretary of the navy.*

—
*U. S. ship Independence,
Bay of Tunis, September 6th, 1815.*

SIR,

I had the honour of making a communication to you on the 10th ultimo, from Carthagea, from which place I sailed with the Independence, Congress, Erie, Chippewa, and Spark, destined for Tripoli; having learnt that a misunderstanding existed between the bashaw of that place and our consul, re-

siding there. On my way I called at Algiers to exhibit this additional force off there, presuming this would have some weight in preserving the peace which had just been concluded.

On my arrival off Tripoli, I learned that commodore Decatur had been there with the first squadron, and had adjusted the differences which existed at that place. Our consul at this place informed me that the exhibition of our force before Tripoli, had produced a most favourable change in the disposition of the bashaw for preserving peace with us.

At Tripoli, learning that the bey of Tunis had discovered a disposition hostile to the United States, I immediately proceeded with the squadron to that place. On my arrival however, I learned from our consul there, that the bey and his officers were well disposed towards us.

Having, agreeably to your instructions, exhibited the force under my command to all the Barbary powers, a measure which I believe will have a tendency to prolong our treaties with them, I have only now, in further obedience to those instructions, to leave one frigate and two smaller vessels in this sea, and return with the rest to the United States.

I am, sir, &c.

WILLIAM BAINBRIDGE.

—

*U. S. ship Independence,
Malaga Roads, September 14th, 1815.*

SIR,

I have the honour to inclose to you a duplicate of my letter of the 6th instant, by which you will learn that I was bound to this place, where I arrived yesterday, under the expectation of meeting here the first squadron; but to my regret, commodore Decatur has not yet come down the Mediterranean, and where the squadron with him now is, I know not. The last I heard of them was off Tripoli, which place they left on the 9th ultimo.

As the squadron has to return this autumn in pursuance of your orders, it is very desirable that it should leave this sea as soon as possible, to avoid the inclemency of winter on our coast, particularly on account of the smaller vessels. The Independence, Congress, Boxer, Chippewa, Saranac, and Spark, are now here. The Erie I expect every hour from Malta, where I had sent her. The Torch and Lynx are at Carthagen. All these vessels will be prepared immediately to return, but cannot sail until the other squadron joins us.

I am, &c.

WILLIAM BAINBRIDGE.

NAVAL COURT OF INQUIRY.

At a Court of Inquiry assembled in the Naval Arsenal, at New Orleans, by order of commodore Daniel T. Patterson, commanding the naval forces of the United States, on the New Orleans station, and continued by adjournment, from day to day, from Monday the 15th, until Friday the 19th of May, 1815.

PRESENT,

Master-commandant Lewis Alexis, *President*.

MEMBERS.

Lieutenant-commandant Charles C. B. Thompson, and
Lieutenant Charles E. Crawley,

For the purpose of investigating the conduct of the officers and men, late of the division of United States' gun-vessels, under the command of lieutenant-commandant Thomas Ap Catesbey Jones, captured by a flotilla of British barges and lanches, on the 14th of December, 1814; the court being organized agreeably to form, commenced with the examination of the testimony in relation to the conduct of the commanding officer of the division; and after hearing, attentively, all the evidence that could be produced on that subject, proceeded to a minute investigation of the whole affair:—

It appears to the court, that on the 12th of December last, the British fleet first made its appearance off Cat and Ship islands; that lieutenant-commandant Jones, after having reconnoitred, with his division of gun-vessels, five in number, and ascertained the state of the enemy's force on the 13th, a flotilla of the enemy's barges appearing to advance, attempted to reach the fort, at the *Petty Coquilles*, but that, in consequence of the current being ahead, and the wind failing, he was prevented from getting any further than the Malheureux islands, where he anchored his gun-vessels, between twelve and two at night.

It appears to the court, that on the morning of the 14th, the enemy's flotilla being perceived to be still advancing, he placed his division in the best position to receive them, and to oppose their passage; that the enemy advanced to the attack in the course of the forenoon, and that the number of the barges and lanches, to which the gun-vessels were opposed, was between forty-five and fifty.

It appears to the court, that about one third of this number attacked the flag-vessel, No. 156, while the others surrounded, chiefly, Nos. 162 and 163; and that after lieutenant-commandant Jones had been very severely wounded, Mr. George Parker, his master's-mate, continued the action until overpowered by numbers, to which no effectual resistance could be made—during which time, several of the enemy's barges were sunk alongside, and great slaughter done in others.

It appears to the court, that gun-vessel No. 163, was the second vessel carried, after a gallant opposition, having previously kept off the enemy for some time, and being entirely surrounded.

It appears to the court, that gun-vessel No. 162, was the vessel next carried; that this was not effected, however, until her commander, lieutenant Spedden, had been most severely wounded, who, nevertheless, remained on deck, and continued to give orders to the last, nor, until she was completely surrounded by the enemy, who suffered greatly in the contest.

It appears to the court, that No. 5, sailing-master Ferris, was the next vessel that fell into the hands of the enemy; that the enemy succeeded in boarding her at a time when further resistance was rendered ineffectual, by the dismounting of her twenty-four-pounder, and when the fire from the other gun-vessels had been turned upon her, after their capture.

It appears to the court, that No. 23, lieutenant M'Kever, was the last vessel captured; and that this was effected at about half past 12 o'clock, after the enemy had succeeded in turning the fire of the other gun-vessels, previously captured, upon her.

It also appears to the court, that the barges and lanches of the enemy were all mounted with cannon, and had from a thousand to twelve hundred men on board, armed in the best possible manner.

And lastly: it further appears to the court, that after gun-vessel No. 156, had been captured by the enemy, her fire was turned upon the other gun-vessels, and continued for a considerable time, under the American colours.

The result of this inquiry is, an unanimous opinion, that lieutenant-commandant Jones evinced by his movements, previously to the action, a judgment highly creditable to his character; that when an attack had become certain, he availed himself of every mean to gain the best position for his squadron; and, that during the subsequent engagement, when opposed to a force, of at least nine times his number, in large, well-appointed boats, formidably armed, he exhibited a firmness and intrepidity, worthy the emulation of his countrymen, and reflecting the highest honour on the service to which he belongs.

The court likewise conceive, that midshipman Parker, who acted as master's-mate, during the action, on board the flag-vessel, displayed, in his determined resistance to the enemy, after the fall of his commander, the most signal bravery; and that he merits, in an especial degree, the notice of his government.

The court feel gratified, in expressing the opinion, that the brave crew of gun-vessel No. 156, forcibly felt the example of their officers, and, that under its influence they maintained a most unequal conflict, with unparalleled destruction to the enemy, until they were borne down by numbers, to which no opposition could be made; nor did the fall of this vessel, by which the enemy's force was not only increased, but, by her position, in a great measure, covered, check the ardour of the gallant defenders of the rest of the squadron: for we find them contending as long as the least prospect of annoying the enemy lasted; their exertions, unimpaired by their loss, and yielding at last, in succession only, to the concentrated force of the enemy, brought to act against each vessel.

With the clearest evidence for their guide, the court experience the most heartfelt gratification, in declaring the opinion, that lieutenant-commandant Jones, and his gallant supporters, lieutenants Spedden and M'Kever, sailing-masters Ferris and Ulrich, their officers and men, performed their duties on this occasion, in the most able and gallant manner; and that the action has added another and a distinguished honour to the naval character of our country.

LEWIS ALEXIS.

G. DAVIS, *Officiating Judge Advocate.*

In approving the proceedings and opinion of the court of inquiry, I avail myself with pleasure of the favourable occasion thus afforded me, to express my admiration of the gallantry and skill displayed by lieutenant Jones and his brave companions, in the defence made by them against so overwhelming a force, as not to afford a prospect of success; and to which the enemy were astonished to find a resistance offered. In this unequal contest, I trust it will be found, that the national and naval character has been nobly sustained; and that the resistance to the attack of so very superior a force, has contributed in no small degree to the eventual safety of this city.

The proceedings and opinion of the court of inquiry, of which master-commandant Lewis Alexis is president, are approved.

DANIEL T. PATTERSON,
*Captain U. S. Navy, commanding
N. Orleans station.*

BRITISH NAVAL COURTS MARTIAL.

THE want of truth and candour, which characterizes the British accounts of their defeats during the late war, and the various subterfuges made use of to palliate, disguise, and misrepresent, as well as the ingenious excuses devised for the purpose of accounting for the almost uniform result of every naval action, are become so notorious, as to excite our contempt and laughter, rather than our indignation. At one time, our vessels come too near—at another, not near enough;—at one time they outsail them—at another their crews are composed of English seamen, who are the most loyal subjects in the world, and yet not only serve against their native country, but even fight better against than they do for their beloved sovereign.

Such is the language not only of their journals, but their official letters, and courts of inquiry, the result of which last is so uniform, that, to use the language of the following document, "*It is almost unnecessary to say that the captains, officers, and men, were fully and most honourably acquitted.*" Thus the court martial held on captain Carden ascribed the loss of the *Macedonian* to the "over anxiety of that officer to come to close quarters," although it is notorious that he did not come to close quarters, notwithstanding his ship was to windward, and outsailed the United States with the greatest ease. In a copy of the proceedings of this court martial which we have seen, there is a plate exhibiting the "Track of ac-

tion" of these two vessels, in which the United States is represented as nearly twice as large as the Macedonian. This childish attempt at imposing upon the world is really laughable.

The decision of the court martial, which follows, contains a charge that has often been made against our gallant officers, that of attempting to seduce their prisoners from his majesty's service. The pretext on which this assertion is founded in the present instance, is so utterly absurd, as to defeat itself, even though it were not contradicted by the oaths of two gallant and distinguished young officers, which we have given immediately following the charges. It seems "*that the whole of the men were confined in the hold of the Constitution, in a warm climate, with their legs in chains, and hand-cuffed for three weeks: during which time repeated attempts were made by the officers and crews of the American ship to shake their attachment to their king and country, but without effect.*"

Truly we cannot help admiring the stubborn loyalty of these trusty fellows, nor the truly original idea of seducing his majesty's liege subjects by the gentle, coaxing application of hand-cuffs, chains, and confinement in a hot climate. The honest truth of the matter is, that our officers feel no anxiety to avail themselves of the services of British sailors, for unless they fight better than they have lately done, they will be no acquisition to any service.

P.

HALIFAX, July 3.

NAVAL COURT MARTIAL.—On Wednesday last (June 28) a court martial was held on board H. M. S. Akbar, for the trial of captain the hon. G. Douglas, the officers and crew of the Levant, and captain Gordon Falcon, the officers and crew of the Cyane; and to investigate the causes which led to the capture of those ships in February last, by the American ship of war Constitution. The court was composed of—

Capt. Charles Bullen, of H. M. S. Akbar, president.

Capt. the hon. J. A. Crofton, Narcissus.

R. C. Spencer, Cydnus.

Capt. Henry Jane, Arab.

Francis Truscott, Regulus.

Charles Martyr, Esq. judge advocate.

We understand that after a thorough investigation, the court was fully of opinion, that their capture was to be attributed to the *very superior force of the enemy's ship, and to her great superiority in sailing*, which enabled her, throughout the action, to keep at such a distance, that their carronades were of little effect, whilst she was keeping up a steady fire from seventeen long twenty-four pounders; and that the officers and men evinced the greatest skill and intrepidity, defending their ships in a manner highly honourable to them, while it could be done with the least prospect of success. It is almost unnecessary to add, that the captains, officers, and men of both ships, were *fully and most honourably acquitted*.

The court passed a high encomium on the conduct of the ships' companies, expressive of the sense it entertained of their loyalty, in resisting the repeated offers made to them to enter the service of the enemy. *We are assured, that the whole of the men were confined in the hold of the Constitution, in a warm climate, with their legs in chains, and hand-cuffed, for three weeks; during which time repeated attempts were made by the officers and crew of the American ship to shake their attachment to their king and country; but without effect.*

DEPOSITION.

Boston, July 21.

We, WILLIAM B. SHUBRICK, a lieutenant in the U. S. navy, and ARCHIBALD HENDERSON, captain of marines, both of the United States' frigate Constitution, do severally testify and declare, that we have seen in the Boston Gazette of the 17th July current, an account of a court martial holden at Halifax, on the 28th June last, for the trial of the officers and crews of his Britannic majesty's late ships the Cyane and Levant, in which it is stated, among other things, that the Constitution in her action with those ships kept at long shot, out of carronade range; and secondly, that high encomiums are made on the crews of said ships for their loyalty in resisting the repeated offers made to them to be received into the American service. Now we, on our oaths declare, that the frigate Constitution ranged alongside of those ships at not a greater distance than two hundred and fifty yards, which every person acquainted with gunnery must know is within point blank carronade range; and secondly, that no offers whatever were made, nor any temptations held out to the crews of said ships to induce them to desert or quit the service of their king; on the contrary, the very frequent expressions of a desire on their part to enter our service, were invariably discountenanced by the officers of the Constitution.

There is another charge made against the officers of the *Constitution* in the proceedings of the court martial, that the crews of the *Cyane* and *Levant* were confined in the hold in the night time, which is the custom on board all ships of war, and especially when the prisoners are nearly as numerous as the crew of the conquering ship; but the crews of the *Levant* and *Cyane* were permitted to remain on the birth-deck the whole of the day, and one third of them at a time on the spar-deck, who had no irons on them.

W. B. SHUBRICK,
ARCH. HENDERSON.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Suffolk, ss. Boston, 20th July, 1815.

Then the said WILLIAM B. SHUBRICK and ARCHIBALD HENDERSON, personally appeared, and made oath to the truth of the above declaration by them subscribed, before

THOMAS WELSH, Jr.
Justice of the Peace.

ARRIVAL OF UNITED STATES' VESSELS.

AT NEW YORK.

Novr. 1st, 1815. The *Peacock*, captain Warrington, from a cruise in the straits of Sunda.

12th. *Guerriere*, commodore Decatur, Mediterranean.

AT NEWPORT.

Commodore Bainbridge's squadron.

Novr. 15th.	Independence,	Commodore Bainbridge,	
		Mediterranean,	
	Macedonian	Capt. Jones	do
	Congress	C. Morris	do
	Chippewa	G. C. Reed	do
	Saranac	J. Elton	do
	Boxer	J. Porter	do
	Spark	T. Gamble	do
	Enterprise	Kearney	do
	Flambeau	J. B. Nicholson	do
	Firefly	Lt. Carter	do
	Torch	W. Chauncey	do
	Spitfire	A. J. Dallas	do
	Lynx		

Left the following vessels cruising in the Mediterranean under the command of captain Shaw, senior officer.

United States	Captain Shaw
Constellation	Gordon
Ontario	Downes
Erie	Crane

December 3rd. The Washington, 74, captain I. Chauncey, arrived at President Roads, Boston, from Portsmouth, where she was built and fitted out.

THE WASP AND EPERVIER.

LITTLE doubt can now be entertained of the loss of the *Epervier* in the September gales which proved disastrous to the American commerce; and none with respect to the fate of the *Wasp*. The account of the destruction of the *Epervier* by a British line of battle ship, is, without doubt, one of those pleasant stories which captains of merchant ships sometimes invent for their private amusement, or for the purpose of disposing of their cargoes to advantage. It is of little consequence to these facetious gentlemen and their owners what alarms they create, or whose bosoms they lacerate, provided they can raise a market for their merchandise. For this object they make war, or peace, just as suits their interests, and massacre a community, or sink a ship with as little hesitation as they throw the log. A due regard to personal interests is proper, undoubtedly, but the profits of trade must have little connection with either common honour, or common honesty, when they require the support of falsehood. It is believed that no human being can tell how these two vessels were lost. All that we know, is, that they probably perished somewhere in the pathless ocean, unseen by all but the Being who dealt this severe and inscrutable blow, doubtless for some great end that we know not of. Still, while we acqui-

esce in the dispensation which has robbed our country of many a gallant spirit, no duty requires us to smother our regrets, or refrain from expressions of the deepest sorrow for our loss. Who indeed can refrain from lamenting that, while our country was looking anxiously, day after day, for the return of the youthful Blakeley, who had twice conquered his enemy, or expecting to hear of new triumphs, he and his gallant companions were, probably, nay, too certainly, floating breathless on the surface of the wave, or buried in its bottomless bosom. Though he will never return to remind us of his services, let us not forget to pay the debt of gratitude to his memory, by cherishing his fame, and recording his achievements in our hearts. There is something indescribably solemn and affecting to our minds, in the idea of hundreds of men thus perishing, out of the reach of any human help, with nothing in sight but their struggling companions, the weltering ocean, and the angry skies—and nothing within hearing but the roaring of the winds and waves, and the cries of men calling upon those who cannot hear, or who cannot relieve. The mind shrinks from this lonely, dreary, desolate, and unknown calamity—of which nothing is certain, but the sad conviction that there is now hardly a hope that it has not happened.

POETRY.

FOR THE NAVAL CHRONICLE.—A SAILOR'S ELEGY,

ON THE FATE OF THE WASP.

O! WHEN in some illustrious fight,
Stout warriors yield at Fate's rude call,
They fall, like shooting stars at night,
And brighten as they fall.

A thousand tongues their deeds relate,
And with the story never tire,
A country mourns their noble fate,
And ladies weep and men admire.

But dreary is the fate of those
I mourn, in this rough sailor strain,
Who perish'd—*how*, no mortal knows,
And perish'd all in vain.

Who in our country cannot tell,
How BLAKELEY brought the *red-cross* low,
And twice triumphantly did quell
The prowess of a valiant foe?

Who has not heard of his brave men,
All valiant hearts of sterling gold,
Who brav'd the lion in his den,
And turn'd his hot blood into cold?

Who has not wish'd that they were here,
Escap'd the ocean's perils rude,
To share our country's welcome cheer,
And reap a nation's gratitude?

But they will never come again
To claim the welcome of their home;
Affection looks for them in vain;
Too surely they will never come.

Far distant from their native land,
They perish'd in the yawning deep,
Where there was none to stretch a hand,
And none their fate to weep.

No ear their dreary-drowning cry,
Heard o'er the desert wave;
Their dying struggle met no eye,
No friendly aid to save.

And *when* they perish'd none can tell,
Nor *where* their bones are laid—
The spot Affection loves so well,
No mourner's step will tread.

No tender friend will ever go
To seek the spot where they abide,
Nor child, or widow, full of wo,
Tell how, and when, and where they died.

Alas! they have no church-yard grave,
No mound to mark the spot;
They moulder in the deep, deep wave
Just where—it matters not.

They perish'd far away from home,
And few will weep these sailors bold,
For e'er the *certain* news shall come,
Our feelings will grow cold.

By slow degrees hope will expire,
And when the anxious feeling's o'er,
Stale Memory will quench her fire,
And sorrow be no more.

Save where some pale and widow'd one,
By grief, or madness cross'd,
Shall cling to one dear hope alone,
And hope, though hope were lost.

By fond Imagination led,
Or ideal visions driven,
O! she will ne'er believe him dead,
Till they do meet in Heaven.

ORIGINAL.

Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind. By Dugald Stewart, Esq. F. R. S. &c. Vol. II. 4to. Edinburg. Boston, reprinted, 8vo. pp. 462.

The Quarterly Review, No. xxiv. January, 1815.

IN a former number of our Magazine, we had occasion to notice that part of the article before us, which was devoted to the refutation of all those principles upon which the philosophy of Mr. Stewart is founded. If what we then ventured to offer on the subject be correct, the argument of the Quarterly Reviewers is indebted for all its plausibility, in the first place, to an entire misconception of the doctrines contained in Mr. Stewart's *Elements*—and, in the second place, to a specious perversion of analogical reasoning. We come next to consider that portion of the critique, in which it is attempted to be proved, that what Dr. Reid and Mr. Stewart have granted respecting the cogency of the arguments employed by Berkeley and by Hume, on the subject of our belief in a material world, is a superfluous concession on their part; inasmuch as the reasonings of the latter philosophers proceeded entirely upon the old hypothesis of ideas—an hypothesis which it was the signal good fortune of Dr. Reid to have successfully exploded. Granting the accuracy of this representation, and it is impossible not to think with the Quarterly Reviewers, that, since the premises are removed, it is surprising how the conclusions deduced from them should be still suffered to remain. But here, as in the former case, we are obliged to accuse Mr. Stewart's critic of gross misapprehension. It ought to be kept steadily in view, that the absolute *existence* of the material world, and our *belief* in that existence, are points in the dispute upon the distinct separation of which the accuracy of all our speculations on this subject must in a great measure depend. We shall, therefore,

be probably anticipated by our readers in remarking, that the Quarterly Reviewers have strangely identified these two important points, by directing, to the latter, those observations which are applicable only to the former. What aggravates the strangeness of this conduct is, that they committed the error with a passage of Reid's before their eyes, in which the distinction under consideration is plainly recognised. After asserting that Berkeley and Hume have unanswerably proved the impossibility of accounting for our belief in the existence of a material world upon any principles of habit, of experience, or of education, Dr. Reid goes on to remark—"At the same time, it is a fact, that our sensations are invariably connected with the conception and *belief* of external existences." This single passage might have convinced the Quarterly Reviewers, that the observations of Dr. Reid were exclusively confined to our *belief* of the existence of a material world: and yet, with not a little of the self-congratulation which flows from discovery, they proceed "to contend that the arguments from reason, in favour of a material world, remain not only untouched, but *unheard*"—an assertion, which, however it may accord with the fact, has no conceivable bearing upon the point in question. Granting that the existence of the material world is completely established by means of reasoning, it yet remains to be shown that our belief of that existence can be accounted for by appealing to the same process. The reality of external existences is altogether independent of percipient beings; and an establishment of the *fact* does not amount to an explanation of our *belief* in it.

In their subsequent reasonings on this head, the Quarterly Reviewers have more scrupulously confined their language to the real question at issue—without seeming, however, to recognise the distinction which we have been endeavouring to point out. After proving to their own satisfaction, that reason had never been consulted in accounting for our belief of external existences, we regret to find them declining "to en-

ter upon the question themselves," and remaining content with a few ineffectual lamentations about the gloomy consequences into which the present state of the subject is calculated to lead. If they really supposed that the received doctrine on this point furnished a sure road to universal scepticism, ought any considerations of deficiency in "limits" to have prevented them from rescuing their readers out of such a dismal catastrophe? Surely the space occupied by their desultory oppugnation of Mr. Stewart's work, might have been better filled up with a question involving so many momentous consequences as that which relates to our belief of the existence of a material world. Instead of this, however, they have only vouchsafed to furnish us with some vague surmises and inconclusive reasonings on the subject of instinctive fallibility;—recommending us at last, after a great deal of boisterous declamation, "to suspend opinion, go where our instincts lead, and, like other animals, take our chance for the rest." Now, all this, we humbly conceive, is not in the least conducive to the enlargement of our knowledge; and we are heartily sorry that the Quarterly Reviewers should overthrow Dr. Reid's speculations on this subject—assert roundly that reason had not been heard—insinuate that the question is an easy one—and then leave us "to take our chance for the rest."

But for our own parts we see no good reason to adopt an unlimited scepticism, or to abandon ourselves to despondency, on account of the received system concerning our belief of external existences. The instance of the fallibility of instinct, which has been adduced by the Quarterly Reviewers, is not calculated to cast any very deep gloom on the condition of the human species—or even upon that of the humble creatures from whom the example is selected. For, granting the fact (which, perhaps, no one will question) that a hen will as soon sit upon a piece of chalk, as upon an egg, and that she cherishes her offspring with equal fondness, whether they be of her own, or of a different species; it yet remains to be proved, that these apparent perversities are pregnant with

any alarming consequences in the domestic economy of the hen—or that the human race are precisely upon the same footing with the brute creation in respect to the fallibility of their speculative instincts. On this subject we beg leave to introduce some excellent observations of Mr. Stewart's in this volume of his work, which, although they were not written expressly to answer the objection under review, may, nevertheless, contribute to clear up the point, and to place the matter in a light somewhat different from that in which it has been viewed by the writers before us. We have reference now to the fourth section of the second chapter, in which he has occasion to notice the strong propensity of children to apply to similar objects the same appellation; ascribing the phenomenon to an indistinctness of perception, by which they are led to overlook the specific differences of individuals, and to infer a general coincidence from a few accidental resemblances. "To the same indistinctness of perception (continues he) are to be ascribed the mistakes about the most familiar appearances which we daily see committed by those domesticated animals with whose instincts and habits we have an opportunity of becoming intimately acquainted."

Now in the case of the hen above mentioned, we see no imaginable disadvantage resulting from her incubation on a piece of chalk carved into the shape of an egg; whereas an opposite disposition of incredulity by which she might be induced to reject every egg which was not of a particular form and size, would have an obvious tendency to curtail the propagation of her species. With respect also to that peculiarity in her constitution, which influences her to cherish her offspring with a total indifference to the circumstance of its kind, it was unquestionably intended for wise purposes, to prevent the useless destruction of animal existence—however trifling *we* may think the occasion of such a provision, or however humble the beings to which such sparing mercy is extended. Such a matter is not undoubtedly considered as unimportant, in the view of Him, who condescends to notice the fall of a sparrow, and to number the hairs of our heads.

The case of the human species admits a far more satisfactory explanation; inasmuch as our early credulity receives constant corrections from every lesson of subsequent experience; and as the extensive predominance of the instinctive principle in children "is a disposition on which (as Mr. Stewart has ably shown) the intellectual improvement of the species in a great manner hinges." In support of this assertion, it will be sufficient to remark, that if every child, before it transfers the name of one familiar object to another of similar appearance, must be at the pains of going through a minute examination and comparison of the relative attributes of both, the intellectual improvement of man would always remain stationary—or, perhaps, resemble in its progress the march of Uncle Toby, which consisted in merely lifting up the foot and placing it down in the same old track as before: for what *child* was ever competent to the task which such a state of circumstances would necessitate him to perform?—But without some kind of classification or other, it would be utterly impossible to extend our knowledge of objects, or to make any advancement in the formation of language. Accordingly, Mr. Stewart has very profoundly remarked (p. 189)—"That what are usually called *general ideas* or *general notions* are therefore of two kinds essentially different from each other; those which are general, merely from the vagueness and imperfection of our information; and those which have been methodically *generalized*, in the way explained by logicians, in consequence of an abstraction founded on a careful study of particulars." "Philosophical precision requires, that two sets of notions, so totally dissimilar, should not be confounded together; and an attention to the distinction between them will be found to throw much light on various important steps in the natural history of the mind."

This completes all we have to say on the subject of instinct. We will now proceed to examine the success of the Quarterly Reviewers in combating the speculations of Mr. Stewart, concerning the *axioms* which belong to the different

sciences; and concerning the peculiar circumstance upon which the evidence of mathematical demonstration essentially depends. And here we must again repeat an observation so often made in the course of this investigation—that the reasonings of the writers under review depend for all their force upon a misrepresentation (whether intentional or not, is immaterial) of the plain and obvious meaning of Mr. Stewart's phraseology. That, in order to vary the form of his language, the writer last mentioned has been compelled to employ circumlocutory expressions, between which some shade of difference in point of signification is easily discernible, it is impossible to deny; at the same time it is (we had almost said) equally impossible, from the general scope and tenor of his argument, to be deceived in regard to his real meaning.

The first absurdity of which the Quarterly Reviewers labour to convict Mr. Stewart, is founded on the loose manner in which he sometimes uses the words *Truth* and *Reason*. After defining the latter to be the power by which we distinguish truth from falsehood, and combine means for the attainment of our ends, it is surely somewhat inaccurate to call truth one of its component elements; inasmuch as it supposes a simple proposition to be a constituent part of an intellectual faculty. That Mr. Stewart has, therefore, in more than one instance, inaccurately connected the two words under consideration, we will not attempt to question: but that the Quarterly Reviewers have fairly represented the general import of his reasonings on this point, we absolutely deny. In almost every page of the discussion he has called the axioms of geometry, and some other self-evident truths which are common to all sciences,* not the *principles* from which reasoning sets out, but the original stamina, or the primordial *elements* of reasoning; and had he uniformly employed the word *reasoning*

* Such as our belief in an external world independent of mind, our reliance upon our personal identity, and upon the permanency of the laws of nature.

instead of the word *reason*, his language would have been altogether unexceptionable. The meaning, however, which he always intended to convey, was so hedged in, as it were, with explanations in various forms of phraseology, that it is almost inconceivable how it should have escaped the apprehension of the most superficial reader.

In order to place the matter beyond cavil, we will take the liberty of transcribing some of those passages in which Mr. Stewart has contrived to limit the signification of the phrases above alluded to; marking in italics the clauses to which we would more particularly direct the attention of our readers. Had the Quarterly Reviewers adopted the plan of citing those parts of the work to which reference was made, they would have avoided a great deal of the misrepresentation into which they have been betrayed by an opposite course of procedure.

After making a quotation from Reid, in order to pass some strictures on his use of the word *principle*, he proceeds:—

“On other occasions, he (Dr. Reid) uses the same word (*principle*) to denote those *elemental* truths (if I may use the expression) *which are virtually taken for granted or assumed*, in every step of our *reasoning*; and without which, although no consequences can be directly inferred from them, a *train of reasoning* would be impossible.” Page 37. “Such truths—a belief of the continuance of the laws of nature; in all our *reasonings* without exception, a belief in our own identity, and in the evidence of memory—are the last elements into which *reasoning* resolves itself, when subjected to a metaphysical analysis.” Id.—“In one sense of the word *principle*, indeed, maxims may be called principles of *reasoning*; for the words principles and elements are sometimes used as synonymous.” Id.—“It is for this reason (alluding to a preceding sentence) that I have employed the phrase principles of *reasoning* on the one occasion, and elements of *reasoning* on the other.” Page 38.—“*It is difficult to find unexceptionable language to*

mark distinctions so completely foreign to the ordinary purposes of speech; but, in the present instance, the line of separation is strongly and clearly drawn by this criterion—that from principles of *reasoning* consequences may be deduced; from what I have called elements of *reasoning*, none ever can.” Id.—“A process of logical *reasoning* has been often likened to a chain supporting a weight. If this similitude be adopted, the axioms or elemental truths now mentioned, may be compared to the successive concatenations which connect the different links immediately with each other; the principles of our *reasoning* resemble the hook, or rather the beam, from which the whole is suspended.” Id.—“The distinction which I have already made (alluding to some foregoing remarks) between elements of *reasoning*, and first principles of *reasoning*, appears to myself,” &c. Page 39.—“Before dismissing this subject, I must once more repeat (anxious, it should seem, to prevent all misunderstanding) that the doctrine which I have been attempting to establish, so far from degrading axioms from that rank which Dr. Reid would assign them, tends to identify them still more than he has done with the *exercise of our reasoning powers*; inasmuch as, instead of comparing them with the data, on the accuracy of which that of our conclusion necessarily depends, it considers them as the *vincula which give coherence to all the particular links of the chain*;* or, (to vary the metaphor) as component elements, without which the *faculty of reasoning*† is inconceivable and impossible.” Pp. 39, 40.—“The belief which all men entertain of the existence of the material world, (I mean the belief of its existence independently of that of percipient beings) and their expectation of the continued uniformity of the laws of

* Of reasoning *subintel*.

† See page 52—where Mr. Stewart observes, in opposition to Johnson and Beattie, “that for many years past, *reason* has been very seldom used by philosophical writers, or indeed by correct writers of any description, as synonymous with the *power* (or faculty) of *reasoning*.” “*To appeal to the light of reason from the reasonings of the schools*,” is not, according to him, a novel or a vague expression. The whole passage is worthy of attention.

nature, belong to the same class of *ultimate or elemental laws of thought*." Page 45.—"I shall only take notice farther, under this head, of the confidence which we must necessarily repose in the evidence of memory (and, I may add, in the continuance of our personal identity) when we are employed in carrying any process of deduction or argumentation"—or reasoning. Id.—"If I be not deceived, these truths (alluding to the same class of propositions) are still more connected with the operations of the reasoning faculty than has been generally imagined; not as the principles (*αρχαί*) from which our reasonings set out, and on which they ultimately depend; but as the necessary conditions on which every step of the deduction tacitly proceeds; or rather (if I may use the expression) as essential elements which enter into the composition of reason itself." Page 48.—"As the truth of axioms is *virtually presupposed or implied* in the successive steps of every demonstration, so, in every step of our reasonings concerning the order of nature, we proceed on the supposition, that the laws by which it is regulated will continue uniform as in time past; and that the material universe has an existence independent of our perceptions." "I need scarcely add, that, in all our reasonings whatever, our own personal identity and the evidence of memory, are *virtually taken for granted*." "These different truths all agree in this, that they are *essentially involved in the EXERCISE of our rational powers*." Id.

From this array of passages, it appears, that Mr. Stewart himself was aware of the difficulty of finding unexceptionable language to convey his meaning—that he has twice expressed doubts concerning the accuracy of his phraseology, by apologizing for his application of the term *elemental truths* to the propositions of which he is treating—and that what he means, by styling these truths the elements of our reasoning, is nothing more than that they are the tacit conditions on which every process of argumentation must necessarily proceed. From another passage, which occurs in the same discussion,

it would seem, that he had some faint forebodings of the perversions to which his language was liable in the hands of captious criticism. Speaking of these axioms, he says (p. 45)—“The truths, which, from these objects, are so radically different *from what are commonly called TRUTHS*, in the popular acceptation of that word, that it might perhaps be useful for logicians to distinguish them by some appropriate appellation, such, for example, as that of *metaphysical* or *transcendental truths*.” From this sentence it is plainly inferable, that Mr. Stewart has employed the word *truth* to express those self-evident propositions which are virtually taken for granted in all our reasonings—because there was no other word in the language whose signification approached so nearly to the meaning he intended to convey, and because he wished to deviate as little as possible from our habitual forms of speech. It is abundantly manifest, in short, from the whole speculation under view, that whenever Mr. Stewart has called these truths the component elements of reason, he did not employ the word according to its popular acceptation; and was anxious to be understood as meaning only, that they were essentially connected with every exercise of the reasoning faculty.

But even granting, for the sake of argument, that, in the use of this word, Mr. Stewart is sometimes chargeable with absurdity; it is yet peculiarly illiberal to test the accuracy of a writer's statements by the single terms which he has occasion to employ, without paying some regard to the explanations he gives of those terms in the course of the discussion. In the case before us, Mr. Stewart has, it is confessed, not unfrequently called those propositions which have received the name of axioms the constituent elements of reason—or of reasoning (for he has indiscriminately used both forms of expression); yet, in all his expositions of such phraseology, he tells us we are to understand nothing more than that these axioms are intimately concerned—virtually taken for granted

—in every train of argumentation. Surely the constant recurrence of this explanation could not have escaped the notice of the Quarterly Reviewers; and we are surprised they did not suppress that part of their criticism upon which we have been animadverting.

But this is not all the sin which Mr. Stewart has committed in conducting his speculations on the nature and utility of axioms. He justly remarks that the axioms of geometry, and those propositions which relate to the belief in our personal identity; to our belief in the existence of the material world; and to our belief in the permanency of the laws of nature—all agree in these two important particulars: first, that from neither of these classes of truths can any direct inference be drawn for the farther enlargement of our knowledge: secondly, that, notwithstanding their barrenness in this respect, they are closely connected with every exercise of our reasoning powers. Accordingly, “I should have been inclined (says he) to comprehend, under the general title of *axioms*, all the truths which have been hitherto under our review, if the common usage of our language had not, in a great measure, appropriated that appellation to the axioms of mathematics; and *if the view of the subject which I have taken, did not render it necessary for me to direct the attention of my readers to the wide diversity between the branches of knowledge to which they are respectively subservient.*”

He is not a little censured, however, for expressing this inclination, to arrange under one general title all the truths which we have been considering, and, what is worthy of notice, on account of the very reasons for which, he informs us, he declined to make the classification. If our readers will take the pains to compare the last clause of the sentence just quoted with the second paragraph on page 298, of the Quarterly Review, they will see, if we do not deceive ourselves, that the latter is merely a kind of rambling paraphrase of the former. While Mr. Stewart contents himself with barely mentioning

the fact, that there is "wide diversity" between the sciences to which the different classes of truths respectively belong, the Quarterly Reviewer can only be satisfied with a minute specification of the several particulars in which that diversity consists. The reasons, as given both by the former and by the latter, why the axioms in question should be kept separate, amount solely and simply to this—that as mathematics are conversant about *hypothetical truth*, and as all other sciences are conversant about *contingent truth*, their respective axioms ought not be confounded together.

It will be our next business to examine the justness of the Quarterly Reviewers' strictures on the speculations of Mr. Stewart concerning the object of our reasonings in mathematics; and also concerning the peculiar circumstance upon which demonstrative evidence essentially depends.—The first remark we shall make, under this head, is, that, in order to convict Mr. Stewart of absurdity, his critics have taken advantage of a somewhat ambiguous expression *contained in a note*, without attending to the broad and satisfactory explanation which he subsequently gives of it *in the body of his work*; and that, secondly, the expression alluded to is not, after all, if rightly understood, either grossly illogical, or materially erroneous in point of fact.

In a note (p. 55) Mr. Stewart has occasion to remark, that "the object of the mathematics (as will afterwards more fully appear) is not truth, but systematical connection and consistency." Again (page 123)—where the accuracy of this position was more fully to appear, and where we ought to look for the statement by which he was willing to be tried—the same doctrine is fully and formally laid down. "It was already remarked (says he) in the first chapter of this part, that whereas, in all other sciences, the propositions which we attempt to establish, express facts real or supposed—in mathematics, the propositions which we demonstrate only assert a connexion between certain suppositions and certain

consequences.” “*Our reasonings*, therefore (continues he) in mathematics, are directed to an object essentially different from what we have in view, in any other employment of our intellectual faculties; not to ascertain truths with respect to actual existences, but to trace the logical filiation of consequences which follow from an assumed *hypothesis*.”—Now, in the first quotation, had Mr. Stewart substituted, instead of “the *object* of mathematics,” “the *object* of our *reasonings* in mathematics,” he would have avoided all the censure which has been cast upon him: for very plainly the accuracy of our reasonings in mathematics is not derived from the correctness of the principles from which they set out, and are, indeed, altogether independent on the truth or falsehood of the assumed hypothesis. Nothing, in short, is more commonly seen than the most unobjectionable accuracy in a process of reasoning, which nevertheless proceeds upon a false assumption of premises;—a proceeding which was deplorably successful when adopted by Berkeley and by Hume in their argument against the existence of a material world, and which is abundantly exemplified in almost every page of the article we are now examining. Considered therefore in this point of view, the assertion of Mr. Stewart, that the object of our reasonings in mathematics “is not absolute, but hypothetical truth,” cannot be invalidated.

Moreover, we believe Mr. Stewart says, with the strictest propriety, that “the *object* of mathematics is not truth, but systematical connexion and consistency;” and had the Quarterly Reviewers attended more critically than they seem to have done to the section in which he treats of our reasoning concerning probable or contingent truths, they would, we think, have repressed those feelings of triumph which are exhibited in their remarks on this subject. The illustration there given of the doctrine will amply repay an attentive consideration. In the meantime, that the reader may have the substance of the discussion before them, we will attempt to compress the

reasonings of Mr. Stewart into as small a compass as will be consistent with perspicuity.

When we consider how signally the conclusions obtained by our reasoning in mathematics are accustomed to fail, when applied to the practical purposes of real life, does there appear to be any thing "strangely paradoxical" in the assertion, that the object of mathematics is not absolute, but conditional truth? When, for example, we are demonstrating a property of the lever, what can be more at variance with the truth, than to abstract entirely the circumstance of its own weight, and to consider it merely as an inflexible mathematical line? Is it not, in short, a distinction as old as the science itself, that the actual state of the facts differs as much from the conclusions of mathematics, as truth differs from hypothesis—practice from theory?

It is asked whether, "when Euclid proves that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles, are we to understand that this is not a "truth," but merely an instance of "systematical connexion and consistency?" Plausible as a negative answer to this question may, at first sight, appear, there is yet, in our opinion, a still more satisfactory answer in a resolute and categorical affirmative. When it can be ascertained of two given figures, one of which is a triangle, and the other a diagram containing two right angles, that the sides of each are rigorously and mathematically straight, then the demonstration in question is not, when applied to these particular figures, an instance of mere systematical consistency, but an absolute and unconditional truth. Unfortunately, however, for the Quarterly Reviewers, the imperfection of our mathematical instruments will forever prevent us from ascertaining the two facts upon the certitude of which this concession depends. We may assert without the fear of contradiction, that no diagram, which is gross enough to be an object of sense, can be said to have its sides strictly and mathematically straight; and, without involving the word, therefore, in any

“metaphysical” obscurities, we must still agree with Mr. Stewart, that the object of mathematics is not absolute, but hypothetical truth.—Some observations of the same import with the foregoing reasonings, may be found on page 165 of Mr. Stewart’s work; with this slight difference only, that, for the sake of illustration, he has taken his example from the circle instead of the triangle.

The Quarterly Reviewers are further very much dissatisfied with Mr. Stewart, because he is disposed to restrict the circumstance on which demonstrative evidence depends exclusively to the province of mathematics; asserting that systematical connexion can “just as easily belong to premises, ‘appealing ultimately to the immutable standards of truth and falsehood, of right and wrong,’ as between any other premises whatever, however arbitrary or hypothetical;” ironically insinuating, too, as if in opposition to the speculations of Mr. Stewart, that “truth and certainty in the premises of any reasoning can at all events do *no harm*.” Mr. Stewart will certainly smile when he reads the paragraph in the Quarterly Review from which these passages are cited, and recollects that the same conclusion, which is so anxiously attempted to be established, was long ago drawn by himself, on the very same occasion and from the very same data. “Hence it appears, (says he, p. 124) that it might be possible, by devising a set of arbitrary definitions, to form a science which, although conversant about moral, political, or physical ideas, should yet be as certain as geometry.” The only desideratum is to clear away those ambiguities which at present hover around the terms belonging to moral, political, or physical subjects; and to institute definitions which, whether accordant with the facts or not, may yet render these sciences capable of systematic connexion and consistency.

We have at present but little more to say concerning the criticism before us. It may be expected, perhaps, that we should pay some attention to the observations of the Quarterly

Reviewers on the subject of Euclid's definitions. After employing some rather unintelligible reasonings to prove the necessity of a mental substitution of our own ideas in the place of geometrical definitions, accompanied with a specification of two cases in which this process must necessarily obtain, they finally come to the conclusion that, "the fact is, in both these instances, what Euclid calls *definitions* are merely descriptions." Surely it did not require much acuteness of penetration or much strength of reasoning to establish a fact concerning *two* of Euclid's definitions, which any person acquainted with our language would have granted respecting the *whole*. According to Johnson (an authority which we suppose the Quarterly Reviewers will not dispute) the word *definition* means "a short *description* of a thing by its properties."—Upon the whole the difference of signification between these two words implied in the expression of Euclid's critic, must be arranged in the same class with the distinction which the same writer formerly attempted to mark between a *subject* of consciousness, and an *object* of consciousness.

SELECT REVIEWS.

Display. A Tale for Young People. By Jane Taylor. One of the Authors of "Original Poems for Infant Minds," "Hymns for Infant Minds," &c. 8vo. pp. 214. Republished in Boston.

[From the Eclectic Review.]

WHAT is the difference between a Tale and a Novel? Is it that a tale is supposed to be a shorter and less laboured production than a novel; that a tale is designed to relate the natural occurrences and simple incidents of life; while a novel sets real life and probability at defiance, and demands, as its essential features, a heroine, a lover, a plot, and a catastrophe?—Is the novel necessarily of a more epic character than the tale, or are both to be referred to the same class of productions? How comes it that novels are, with a few exceptions, the most pernicious in tendency of any works; while, under the generic title of Tales, we have some of the most instructive and profound compositions in the language?

To write a good tale demands no ordinary powers of observation, and of discriminating judgment. A facility of invention is the least important requisite. A person needs be deeply read in human nature, deeply conversant with the human heart, with the mixed motives from which the greater part of our actions spring, with the latent good and latent evil within us, which are ready to be developed by different circumstances;—should have felt much and thought much, enjoyed much and suffered much;—before he undertakes to be, in this humble form, the biographer of his species. He must have learned to analyze that mixed and dubious combination, or rather concretion of prejudices, habits, and principles, which is called character; and to discern how much all men have in common with each other, and how much individuality attaches to the most uninteresting unit of society. He must have learned to suspect evil and to detect good in mutual alliance; to regard with affection the objects of suspicion, to love all men better than pride and selfishness once allowed him to feel. But all this knowledge and all this experience will avail little for practical wisdom or benevolence, unless it extend to the remedy, as well as the diseases of human nature;—unless it embrace the moral purpose of our being, and what can alone explain the phenomena of existence and the mysteries of the present state of things—man's original and actual destiny.

These are no ideal requisites. The author of *Rasselas* displayed them all in that exquisite performance. The tales in the *Rambler* are replete with wisdom, and the knowledge of human nature. Some of those also in the *Spectator*, the *Adventurer*, and other 'British Classics,' are of a very high order of merit. Those by Mackenzie, which appeared in the *Mirror*, contain some of the finest specimens of genuine pathos in the language. The story of *La Roche* is one of the most touching and beautiful narratives, perhaps, that the imagination, guided by the heart, ever framed. The *Vicar of Wakefield* is an inimitable tale, the masterpiece of its author. As to the variety of Moral Tales, Simple Tales, Tales of Real Life, &c. &c. that have since sought to escape, under these false titles, the sweeping condemnation bestowed upon novels and romances, they have had their day. The intention of the authors of some of them, was doubtless good, but they were not qualified to be moral teachers. They might be acquainted with *life*, but they wanted the key to human nature—a knowledge of their own hearts.

The Tales of MARIA EDGEWORTH, distinguished by a character wholly original, form a series of the most ingenious and instructive moral lessons that have ever proceeded from the pen of an individual. Defective, in regard to a large proportion of our duties, feelings, and principles, they are nevertheless so true to reality, so faithful to the errors and follies of our nature;—they contain so much practical wisdom in regard to the process of education and the business of life, that on few writings can the praise of usefulness be more deservedly bestowed. Nor must the name of Miss Hamilton, the author of the *Cottagers of Glenburnie*, though far inferior in genius to Miss Edgeworth, be omitted in this hasty enumeration. The Cheap Repository Tales of Mrs. More, although admirable in their kind, can hardly be classed with these compositions.

The Author of *Display* comes the nearest to Miss Edgeworth, in point of style, and skill in developing character, of any writer that has yet appeared; but her production is distinguished by features of its own. It is a tale of the most unpretending description—a tale for young persons—founded on incidents of every-day occurrence, and occupied in delineating the ordinary operations of character in ordinary situations. We never met with any composition so completely and beautifully simple both in sentiment and style, which, at the same time, interested us so strongly by the *naivete* of its

descriptions, sometimes heightened by the most delicate touches of humour and pathos; by the *heart* that pervades the narrative, and the air of reality which is thrown over the characters. The design of the work, as expressed in a word by the title, is, to exhibit in the person of an amiable young girl the folly of artificial manners, and the injurious tendency of a 'disposition to *display*.' This petty modification of the love of fame, is detected under a variety of fair semblances and of minute forms. Its ceaseless, though often unsuspected operation, and its essential virulence as a moral and intellectual poison, are admirably illustrated; and the power of religion as furnishing the only cure of a mind thus vitiated, is exemplified in the sequel.

The characters of the heroine of the tale and her friend are thus contrasted:

'It was true that the dispositions of these young people differed essentially: they belonged to opposite classes of character; which, to borrow terms used long ago in a different sense, in scholastic controversy—might be called, *Nominalists* and *Realists*.

'Emily was a *Realist*: whatever she did, said, or *looked*, was in earnest: she possessed the grace of *SIMPLICITY*;—a simplicity which appeared alike in her virtues, and her faults. It was neither from insensibility, nor self-conceit, that she thought of her introduction to this formidable lady with so much composure. Modest people are not the soonest frightened:—"I wonder what they will think of *me*!"—is not the inquiry of humility, but of vanity.

'Now this inquiry *ELIZABETH* was making perpetually: to speak, to move, to weep, or to smile, were with her but so many manœuvres, which she was practising for *effect* and to attract attention. The prospect, the picture, or the poem, which Emily admired with all her *heart*, Elizabeth admired with all her *eloquence*, too intent upon exhibiting her taste or sensibility to be truly the subject of either.

'Elizabeth and Emily were friends, as it often happens, rather from accident than congeniality. They had been play-fellows from their infancy; and when they ceased to play, they had continued to associate. Emily was affectionate: and she loved Elizabeth sincerely. Elizabeth felt as much regard for Emily as for any one she knew: but vanity chills the heart; and in proportion as she became conscious of the slightness of her affection, she grew lavish in her professions of it.'

An opportunity is afforded for developing the character of the two friends, in their introduction to the 'new family at *Stokely*,'—the Leddenhursts; people of property, but who were soon discovered, to the consternation of the neighbour-

hood, to be "quite Methodists." In this excellent family, Emily finds the friends she needed; and forms a particular intimacy with one of its inmates, Miss Weston—"of whom nobody could determine whether she was a friend or the governess." Her character is beautifully sketched.

'Though it was perceptible to none but accurate observers of feelings and faces, Miss Weston was a sufferer;—it is easy to wear a pensive smile, but hers was a smile of cheerfulness, and she was generally spoken of as being remarkably cheerful.

'As to the cause of her sorrow, only a conjecture can be formed; because Mrs. Leddenhurst, who was the only person in whom she had confided, never betrayed her confidence. Among the numerous sources of human wo, the reader may fix upon that which to her may appear most difficult to endure with fortitude and resignation. One may conclude she had lost her friend; another her heart; and a third her fortune; but perhaps, after all, it was something very different from any of these.

'Miss Weston's idea of resignation was not as one may see it in the print-shops—a tall figure, weeping over an urn in the middle of a wood; it was, in her opinion, an active, cheerful and social principle. It was not indeed without an effort that she resisted her inclination to seek relief in rumination and seclusion; but strength of mind, that is, strength of principle prevailed. Without waiting to confer with her inclination, she wrote to her friend Mrs. Leddenhurst, offering to assist her in the education of her little girls—Mrs. Leddenhurst gladly welcomed her to the bosom of her family; where she soon learned to "smile at grief," without "sitting on a monument."

The character of Emily Grey will be the favourite with the reader, as it is evidently with the author. It is purely natural, and simply interesting. She is described as 'sensible, modest, ingenuous, but she was—*eighteen*.' We will not injure the effect of the portrait by partial quotation, but will introduce our readers, instead, to a pair of contrasts.

'It was Miss Oliver; one of the standing inhabitants of the town.—She belonged to a class of ladies, of whom it may be said, that they are *good for nothing but to be married*. Let no intellectual Cœlebs object to the expression; it is not intended to recommend her to him.

'At eighteen she was tolerably pretty; and about as lively as mere youth will make those who have no native spring of vivacity. Her education, like her mind, was common. If she had married, she might have performed the ordinary offices of domestic life as well as they are ordinarily performed. Though she had not cared much for her husband, she would probably have loved her children; and the maternal duties and affections.

of themselves, impart a degree of interest to any character. But she did not marry, although trained to consider marriage as the grand object at which she was to aim.

' Year after year passed away; during which, her attendance at the Christmas rout, the Easter ball, the summer races, was tiresomely punctual. At length it became necessary, by extra attention to dress, and studious vivacity, to show that she was still young: but even that time was gone by, and she now only laboured to prove that she was not *old*. Disappointment, and the discontent occasioned by the want of an *object* in life, had drawn lines in her face which time might still have spared. It sunk down into dismal vacuity after every effort at sprightliness: for without mind enough to be pensive, she was habitually dull.

' Her circumstances did not allow her the relief of frequenting places of fashionable resort; she contrived to exist with no other air, and no better water, than were to be obtained in her native parish. The few families in the neighbourhood with whom, in her youthful days she used to spend her Christmas, or her Whitsuntide, were dead, or dispersed, or the acquaintance was broken off: so that the routs and card-parties of this little town were the only relief to her monotony; where she went to meet the same faces, and to say and hear the same *nothings* as ever.

' It was no wonder, therefore, that the veriest trifle—a new stitch, or a new pattern—became to her an affair of importance: that the gossip of the neighbourhood seemed essential to her existence; and that, without malignity, scandal should become an entertainment, and mischief a recreation, pp. 48—50.

" "I never remember," continued Mr. Leddenhurst, "observing such an expression of listless vacuity in the face of the meanest Christian. Habitual thoughts of God, and of eternity, *will* impress *some* trace of mind upon the countenance. What a new world of hope and happiness might be opened to such a character! Caroline, let us cultivate her acquaintance." " p. 52.

The other character, evidently an original, and from the life, will, to many of our readers, perhaps appear a striking likeness of some one particular acquaintance, so well are the general characteristic features of the species marked in the individual.

' One of these, well known by the name of "Betsy Pryke," was a person of some repute among her friends and acquaintance.

' She was a sharp, neat, compact, conceited-looking person, who kept a little haberdasher's shop in the market-place. By the aid of some quickness, a good memory, and what was called *a great taste for reading*, she had accumulated a curious mass of heterogeneous lore, with which she was accustomed to astonish, if not to edify, her simple neighbours. She was particularly fond of hard names, and words of many syllables; and her conversation was

frequently interspersed with quotations from Young, Hervey, and Mrs. Rowe.

‘ Her customers, in addition to their purchase, were generally favoured with a little learning, gratis, while she was weighing the pins, or measuring the tape; and even before those whom she could not venture to entertain with familiar discourse, some fine word, or *knowing* remark, was dexterously dropped, to let them know *what she was*; and her behaviour to this class of her customers was marked by that mixture of pertness and servility, which is commonly produced by self-conceit in dependent circumstances.

‘ To these qualifications Miss Pryke added a flaming profession of religion. She was one of the very few inhabitants of this town who appeared to pay any serious regard to it; and among those pious, simple people, who possessed little of the wisdom or knowledge of this world, she passed for a pattern of zeal and sanctity. Miss Pryke’s creed, was all *creed*: she was fond of *holding argumentations* upon a few points on which she considered herself to have attained more *light* than the generality of plain Christians. She appeared to take little interest in the practical parts of Christianity, about which there is no controversy; and upon those who made any thing more than a distant or casual reference to these subjects, she readily bestowed her enlightened pity. They were “ persons in the dark;” and if they were ministers, they were “ blind leaders of the blind,” and knew nothing of the *gospel*. She valued *comfort* much above consistency, and was more observant of her *frames* than of her temper.’ pp. 61—63.

We must make room for another portrait.

Mrs. Palmer was clever; and had a vast deal of taste in laying out gardens, and fitting up rooms, and setting out dinners. Her grand object in life was, *to enjoy herself*; and her selfishness was refined, and perfect in its kind. She was a good wife, a kind mother, an obliging neighbour, as far as ever she could be consistently with this object, but no further. She had an easy, pleasing address; and her politeness was so unremittingly attentive, that it looked almost like friendship. Whatever did not demand any real sacrifice of her own pleasure or convenience, was done, and done in the most obliging manner possible; but really to deny herself for the sake of another, was a species of virtue which she left to be practised by such good sort of people as chose it; to her it appeared foolishness, especially as she could decline her services with such masterly adroitness, with such a gentle, sympathising address, that the cold selfishness of her heart often escaped detection.

‘ Her feelings were naturally violent: but she had such an extreme dislike of being uncomfortable, that she rarely suffered them to be very troublesome to her. There was nothing in her

mind with which sorrow could *amalgamate*; it was an unwelcome and unintelligible foreigner.

' By her son's dying at a distance, she was spared, what were to her, the most shocking circumstances attending such an event.

' Death—that one thing which the sceptic *must* believe—to which the worldly *must* submit—was that which she most disliked to think about; and she studiously avoided whatever was likely to remind her of it. She shrunk from the survey of its gloomy apparatus; and was really glad that all that part of the affair was transacted so far off as Jamaica. The opening of the family vault was a circumstance she particularly dreaded; *that* was a place she did not like to think of; and still less to recollect, that she must *herself* one day, lie down in that dark chamber. Whenever the unwelcome thought was forced upon her, she instantly recurred to the soundness of her constitution, and the vigorous means she used to preserve it. Besides which, she avoided perils by water and perils by land; was the first to foresee evil and hide herself, and to flee from contagion and every form of danger. Thus, by a common but strange kind of deception, feeling as though to delay death was to escape it.

' She thought it prudent, however, to make some provision for the distant day; and was, accordingly, constant at church, and charitable to the poor: by which means she concluded all would be safe, whenever she should be under the absolute necessity of going to Heaven.' pp. 88—90.

There is an exquisite keenness of satire in the last remark; a severity of reproof conveyed by insinuation, that has the force of a homily.

In this, however, and in many other similar passages, we fear that the irony is of too delicate and concealed a nature to be caught by superficial readers, that is, readers in general, unassisted by the humiliating expedient of Italics. We do not know whether to charge this upon our author as a fault; but it must be admitted that a broader style, a harder outline, something more of the manner of Opie's paintings, is better calculated for works designed for general instruction. There is great delicacy, sometimes minute delicacy, in Miss Taylor's touches. The remark, for instance, at p. 23, that the cause of Miss Weston's sorrow can only be conjectured,—'because Mrs. Leddenhurst, who was the only person in whom she had confided, never betrayed her confidence;'—will be passed over, we fear, by at least five persons out of ten, as a mere matter-of-fact observation: and other passages, replete with meaning, will be taken as simple truisms.

As the work is neither an epic nor a novel, it will not be necessary to give a more particular account of the story

itself. It will be best to leave the author to tell her own tale. The incidents, indeed, are of that real and simple cast, that derive all their importance, as is the case with the ordinary events of life, from their effects in developing character, and their connexion with individual happiness. One occurrence,—a memorable one in the humble annals of many a village,—the arrival of a regiment at Broadisham, may be adverted to as sufficiently picturesque: and it is followed by consequences in which the historian of real life will sometimes appear to borrow from the novelist. Young ladies will sometimes act the part of heroines. Lieutenant Robinson's gold epaulet, combining with Elizabeth's love of *display*, could not fail of making a deep impression;—

‘And always while the band was playing she was *sure* she was in love with him.’

She becomes Mrs. Robinson,—a heroine in distress; but she discovers—what it required some experience to believe—that it is a far pleasanter thing to be a heroine *not* in distress. She was unhappy without *eclat*.

The following scene is very natural and touching.

‘It was towards the close of the third day Elizabeth had passed on her bed, that as she was lying feverish and comfortless—watching in the dusk the light of the blacksmith's shop, flashing on the ceiling—she heard the door open gently; so gently, that she was sure it could not be her maid: and in an instant she saw Emily at her bed side, her countenance glowing with health and cheerfulness; and she said,

“Dear Elizabeth, I heard you were ill, and I am come to nurse you.”

‘Elizabeth started up without speaking a word; and throwing her hot arms around Emily's neck, continued to weep a long time, with a plaintive, piteous, weak cry, upon her bosom.

“Dear, dear Elizabeth!” said Emily.

‘It was so long since she had heard the accents of kindness, that the soothing tones of Emily's voice quite overwhelmed her.

“I did not think there was any one in the world that cared for me now,” she said, at length.

“Oh, you have never been forgotten by your *friends*,” said Emily. “I should have come to see you long before this, if I had been sure you would have liked it. But we will not talk much to night, dear Elizabeth;—let me try now to make you a little comfortable,” said she; and taking off her hat and pelisse, she proceeded quietly to smooth the tumbled pillow, and restore the littered room to neatness and comfort.

‘She next went, to prepare a cooling beverage for the night; into the disorderly kitchen; where the maid and the shopman were carousing over a blazing fire.’ pp. 174—176.

Misfortune does its office:—Elizabeth is brought to humility, and to penitence.

‘As soon as Emily was gone, she sunk down by the bed side; she wept, but was unable to utter a word; overwhelmed with the strange, glowing feeling of *sincerity*, and with the new and mighty effort to express a deep, inward sentiment, to a Being invisible, and hitherto wholly unknown.’

We cannot afford room for the sequel.

It will be evident from the extracts we have given from this admirable little tale, that we have scarcely adverted to its most distinguishing excellency, which consists in the judicious remarks with which it abounds in reference to religious subjects, and the unaffected piety which diffuses itself, like a beautiful tint, over the whole production. It is wholly unnecessary, and would, indeed, be impertinent, to institute comparisons between the author of *Display* and a certain writer of acknowledged genius, whose works betray a melancholy deficiency in this respect; since that deficiency is not a question of merit respecting the writers themselves, but of efficiency as to the moral purpose of their productions. With regard to the importance of this feature, in the present work, our readers can maintain but one opinion.

‘The death-scene’ in chapter the tenth, is admirably depicted, and displays a very correct moral taste. There is no false pathos,—no attempt to render the scene impressive; we view the scene as by-standers, and feel its reality.—

‘Death, as personified and decorated by poetry, Emily had frequently contemplated; but she was unacquainted with the realities of a dying bed.

‘The moment they entered the room they perceived the altered expression of her countenance; and although Emily had never seen it before, she saw it was *death* in her face. She felt the shock, but would not turn away; “for if I cannot bear to see it, how shall I endure it?” thought she.

‘Soon after they entered, she [Eleanor Jones] was seized with a convulsive spasm, which lasted several minutes.

“Oh, see!” said Emily, “cannot we help her! Is there nothing that would give her any relief?”

“Nothing, my dear,” said Miss Weston, softly; “it will soon be over.”

“Dear, dear creature!” cried her distressed mother: “please God to release her! for I cannot bear this!”

‘When the spasm was over, her features became composed, and she looked round upon them with an expression of joyful serenity.

"These are only the struggles of nature," said Miss Weston: "the sting of death is sin: she does not feel that."

'At this she smiled, and her lips moved, but they could not distinguish what was said.

'She then lay for some time quite tranquil: they watched her in silence—and at length perceived that she had ceased to breathe.

'Miss Weston then led the mother down stairs; while Emily remained fixed to the spot, gazing on the placid corpse.

'She looked round on the low, tattered chamber, and thought she should never again wish for the vanities of so short a life.

"This is how they must all end," she thought, "and death would look just the same if this poor bed were a state canopy."

'It seemed but a moment, not worth caring for, before she herself must lie down by her side.

'These contemplations were interrupted by the entrance of Miss Weston.

"Come, Emily, my love," said she, "we can do nothing more here, but we may still comfort her poor mother."

"I should like to stay longer," said Emily, "I never saw death before: how strange, and awful, and beautiful it is!"

"You have stayed long enough now," said her friend, and she led her out of the chamber; and as soon as they saw that the mourning mother had said and wept her utmost, they took leave, with many assurances of continued friendship.

'When they opened the cottage door they found it was noon-day, and bright sunshine.

'Emily had not shed a tear before, but they overflowed at the sight of the bright fields and clear blue sky.

'They walked on silently to the entrance of the town.

"Had not we better go the back way: you will not go through the town this morning, Miss Weston?" said Emily.

"Why not, my dear?"

"I always avoid it when I can," replied Emily, "and just now especially."

"Unfortunately I have an errand in the town," said Miss Weston, "at Mrs. Eve's."

"At Mrs. Eve's!" said Emily.

'They went on; and Emily was obliged to endure the sight of the shops and people, looking as busy as usual.

'Mrs. Eve's windows were set out with Spring fashions; and when they went in, they found Elizabeth, with her mother, and other ladies, making purchases, and examining the new assortment.

"I was just wishing for you," said Elizabeth, "to give me your opinion of these sarcenets: which should you prefer, Emily, this rose colour, or the pale blue?"

"They are both extremely pretty," said Miss Weston, "but the blue, I think, is the most delicate." ' pp. 117—120.

Here we must close our extracts. We had intended to transcribe the account of the progress of religion in the mind of Emily Grey, and of its gradual influence on her simple character. But we may now with confidence refer our readers to the work itself. Our opinion of its merits has been pretty distinctly given; we certainly think it one of the best works of the kind, that we have ever seen, and we shall be very glad to receive many more *such* "Tales for Young People" from the author of *DISPLAY*.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

The following interesting report has been published in England in a three shilling pamphlet. We present it to our readers entire; and have added, in notes, a translation of the passages printed in the French language.

ORIGINAL REPORT OF THE COMMISSION APPOINTED TO CONVOY NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE TO THE ISLAND OF ELBA.

HAVING, in pursuance of our instructions arrived at Fontainebleau on the evening of the 16th of April, we were invited by generals Bertrand and Drouet to take up our residence in the palace. As soon as mass was finished, we commissioners, viz. the Austrian general Koller, the Russian general Schuwaloff, the English colonel Campbell, and myself, together with major count Clam Martiniz, who attended general Koller as first adjutant, were presented to Napoleon in a private audience. Our reception was rather cool, and his confusion and indignation were evident at discovering a commissary of the king of Prussia, whom in his former plans he seemed to intimate a design to strike out of the list of sovereigns. Amongst other matters, he inquired of the commissioners if there were any Prussian troops on the route we were destined to take; and upon my answering in the negative, he said, "*Mais en ce cas vous ne devriez pas vous donner la peine de m'accompagner.*"* I replied, that far from being a trouble, I should rather consider it an honour. He still, however, persisted in his opinion, and, as I observed, that as the king had been pleased to appoint me to the office, it was an honour I could not and would not renounce, he left me, with a countenance expressive of displeasure and confusion. His reception of colonel Campbell was more friendly. He kindly inquired after his wounds, of the battles wherein he had obtained his insig-

* But in that case you need not give yourself the trouble of accompanying me.

nia, and from hence took occasion to speak of the war in Spain, passed many encomiums on the duke of Wellington, and made inquiries relative to his habits, character, &c. Having been informed that colonel Campbell was a Scotchman, he turned the conversation to the poems of Ossian, and praised them for the noble and warlike spirit which they breathed. Our departure had been fixed for to-day, (June 17th,) but the emperor found a pretext for postponing it, by declaring he wished rather to take the road of Briare, Raonne, Lyon, Valence, and Avignon, than that of Auxerre, Lyon, Grenoble, Gap, and Digne. This request, which was made known to us by letter through general Bertrand, was founded upon the following reasons: that agreeably to the treaty, the emperor might be allowed to be escorted by his own guards, and these were stationed upon the road pointed out by him; a road which, besides, was better provided with horses, and had not been the seat of war; and, secondly, that his equipage which had arrived from Orleans had already been directed thither, and awaited him at Briare, where he likewise wished to take another carriage for himself, and unpack many conveniencies he had not then at hand. We were therefore obliged to obtain from Paris orders for postponing our journey, and general Caulincourt, who had taken leave of the emperor and was returning thither, was charged with our despatches. At the emperor's desire, we likewise required a copy of the order transmitted by the French government to the commandant of Elba, relative to the emperor's reception, without which he declared he would not expose himself to the danger or possibility of not being received. On the 18th, at night, we received permission to accede to the emperor's wishes as to our route, together with a transcript of the order for evacuating the island of Elba. This, however, in his opinion, was not expressed sufficiently explicit; he was fearful the artillery of the island would be taken away, and he should then be entirely deprived of all means of defence. It therefore became necessary to send it back again to Paris: but general Koller having assured the emperor every thing should be arranged according to his wishes, our departure was consequently fixed for the 20th. In the meantime Napoleon had despatched nearly a hundred baggage-wagons with money, furniture, bronzes, pictures, statues, and books, and perhaps on this account alone had prolonged his stay at Fontainebleau.

On the 19th he sent for the duke of Bassano, and said to him, "On vous reproche que vous m'avez toujours empeche

de faire la paix; qu'en dites vous?"* Bassano replied, "Votre majeste sait tres bien qu'elle ne m'a jamais consulte, et qu'elle a toujours agi d'apres sa propre sagesse, et sans prendre conseil des personnes qui l'entouraient; je ne me suis donc pas trouve dans le cas de lui en donner, mais seulement d'obeyir a ses ordres."† "Je le sais bien," replied the emperor, quite contented: "mais je vous en parle pour vous faire connaitre l'opinion qu'on a de vous."‡ Generals Beillard, Ornano, Petit, Dejean, and Korsakowski, colonels Montesquiou, Bussy, and De la Place, the Chambellan Turenne, and the minister Bassano, were the persons of most consideration who remained with him till his departure. They then returned to Paris. General Bertrand and Drouet alone accompanied and remained with him. General Lefebvre Desnouettes went forward as far as Nivers, in order to await and take leave of him there.

His Mameluke Rustan, and his chief valet Constant, had left him a few days before, after each had received from him a considerable sum of money. It is impossible to regard them without contempt.

On the 20th of April, at ten o'clock in the morning, the carriages were drawn up for departure in the court-yard of Fontainebleau, when the emperor sent for general Koller, and addressed him in these words:—"J'ai reflechi sur ce qu'il me restait a faire, je me suis decide a ne pas partir. Les allies ne restent pas fideles aux engagements qu'ils ont pris envers moi. Je puis donc aussi revoquer mon abdication, qui n'etait toujours que conditionnelle. Plus de mille adresses me sont parvenues cette nuit, ou l'on me conjure de reprendre les renes du gouvernement; je n'avoit renonce a tous mes droits a la couronne, que pour epargner a la France les horreurs d'une guerre civile, n'ayant jamais eu d'autre but que sa gloire et son bonheur; mais connaissant aujourd'hui le mecontentement qu'inspirent les mesures prises par le nouveau gouvernement; voyant de quelle maniere on remplit les promesses qui m'ont ete faites; je puis expliquer maintenant a mes gardes, quels sont les motifs, qui me font revoquer

*. You are reproached with having always prevented me from making peace; what say you to it?

† Your majesty knows very well that he has never consulted me, and that he has always acted according to his own wisdom, and without taking advice from those who surrounded him. It was not then for me to give him any, but only to obey his orders.

‡ I knew it well: I only speak of the subject to let you know the opinion that is entertained of you.

mon abdication, et je verrai comment on m'arrachera les cœurs de mes vieux soldats. Il est vrai, que le nombre des troupes, sur lesquelles je pourrai compter, n'excèdera guère trente mille hommes; mais il me sera très facile de l'augmenter en peu de jours jusqu'à cent trente mille. Je pourrai tout de même sans compromettre mon honneur, dire à mes gardes que, ne considérant que le repos et le bonheur de la patrie, je renonçais à tous mes droits, et les exhortais à suivre, ainsi que moi, le vœu de la nation."* General Koller, who hitherto had not been able to speak a word, seized the moment of a short pause after this last observation, to tell him that his noble abdication was the most distinguished of all his actions, since, by this proof of his patriotism, he had set the crown upon all his former great and noble deeds. With regard to another observation he had made, general Koller was totally ignorant in what particulars the allies had broken their engagements to him. The emperor replied, he alluded to the carrying off of the empress, who, according to the treaty, was to have accompanied him to St. Tropez. General Koller assured him, she had by no means been taken away, but of her own free-will had determined not to accompany him. "Eh bien," concluded the emperor, "je veux encore rester fidèle à ma promesse; mais si j'ai de nouvelles raisons de me plaindre, je m'en verrai dégagé de tout ce que j'ai promis."†—It was now eleven o'clock, and the emperor's adjutant, M. De Bussy, entered to announce, that the grand marshal informed his majesty it was already eleven, and every thing was ready for departure. "Le grand marechal ne me connoit-il donc pas?" exclaimed the emperor; depuis

* I have reflected on what remains for me to do. I have determined not to depart. The allies are not faithful to their engagements towards me. I then may also revoke my abdication, which was only conditional. This night more than one thousand addresses have reached me, in which I am conjured to resume the reins of government. I have renounced my right to the crown only to spare France the horrors of a civil war, never having had any object but her glory and happiness. But knowing at present the discontent occasioned by the measures of the new government, and seeing in what manner the promises made to me have been fulfilled, I can explain to my guards the motives which induce me to revoke my abdication, and I shall see whether the hearts of my old soldiers can be torn from me. It is true that the number of troops on which I can count will not exceed thirty thousand men, but I could very easily augment it in a few days to one hundred and thirty thousand. I might however, without compromising my honour, say to my guards, that regarding only the tranquillity and happiness of the country, I renounced all my rights, and exhort them to attend, like me, to the wishes of the nation.

† Well, I will yet remain faithful to my promise; but if I have any new reasons to complain, I shall consider myself disengaged from all that I have promised.

quand dois-je me regler d'après sa montre? Je partirai quand je voudrai, et peut-etre pas du tout."* Thus despatched, M. De Bussy left the room; and the emperor continued incessantly exclaiming against the injustice which had been done him; charged the emperor of Austria with being a man totally destitute of religion, who did every thing he could to dissolve the marriage of his daughter, instead of doing, as he ought, every thing to preserve the best understanding amongst his children. The emperor of Russia he accused of want of delicacy; who, after being the sole cause that the empress had been deprived of the regency, had visited her in Rambouillet to scoff at her misfortune, and had even taken the king of Prussia with him. General Koller's remark, that both these monarchs rather wished to show a bounden courtesy towards the empress, he was willing to admit on the part of Alexander, but on no account on the part of the king, against whom his exasperation was most violent. He strove to convince the general that Austria had placed herself in a much more dangerous situation, by her present political relation with Russia and Prussia, than she formerly stood in; since the preponderance of France had ever kept within due limits Russia's plans of conquest. That the peace of Frankfort would really have been advantageous for Austria; and that the present treaty, notwithstanding the extension of the Austrian boundaries, exposed her to the greatest dangers from her natural enemies, Russia and Prussia, whose cabinets had ever been celebrated for their breach of faith and insidious projects: whilst, on the other hand, whatever he (the emperor Napoleon) had once promised, might implicitly be relied on. He likewise stated, that ever since the Russian campaign, his views had been directed to no other peace than such an one as the allies had tendered him in Frankfort. General Caulincourt, indeed, had from good motives misused his powers, if he had ever given hopes that he (the emperor) would have subscribed to the conditions proposed to him by the allies in Chatillon. He had, however, for some time before, renounced all claims upon Germany and Italy. General Koller observed, that, under these circumstances, he could not repress his astonishment that the emperor had not signed the peace in Prague or Dresden, where much more advantageous terms were offered him than in Frankfort. "Que voulez-vous?" replied the emperor,

* Does not the grand marshal know me then? Since when is it that I ought to be regulated by his watch? I will depart when I will, and perhaps not at all.

without considering the contradiction of his assertions: "j'ai eu tort; mais j'avais alors d'autres vues, parceque j'avais encore beaucoup de ressources;"* and then breaking abruptly off—"Mais dites-moi, general, si je ne suis pas recu a l'isle d'Elbe, que me conseillez-vous de faire?"† General Koller was of opinion there was no cause for anxiety as to his being refused; but that, in any case, the way to England was open for him. "C'est ce que j'ai pense aussi; mais comme je leur ai voulu faire tant de mal, les Anglais m'en conserveront toujours du ressentiment."‡ Koller thought, that as he had not been able to carry into execution his injurious plans against England, there could be no reason why he should not be well received. At the same time, he drew his attention toward the circumstance, that if any further procrastination of his departure was made, he would endanger those advantages which had been secured to him by the treaty of the 11th of April. At length the emperor dismissed him with these words: "Vous le savez je n'ai jamais manque a ma parole; ainsi je ne le ferai pas non plus a present; a moins qu'on ne m'y force par de mauvais traitemens."§

Amongst many other singular remarks made by the emperor during this conversation, the following is particularly worthy of notice. Having observed, he well knew many persons had censured him for not having destroyed himself, he added, "Je ne vois rien de grand a finir sa vie comme quelqu'un qui a perdu toute sa fortune au jeu. Il y a beaucoup plus de courage de survivre a son malheur non-merite. Que je n'ai pas craint la mort, c'est ce que j'ai prouve dans tant d'affaires, et encore dernièrement a Arcis-sur-Aube, on m'a tue quatre chevaux sous mon corps."¶ He then continued, "Je n'ai pas de reproche a me faire; je n'ai point ete usurpateur, parceque je n'ai accepte la couronne que d'apres la vœu unanime de toute la nation, tandis que Louis XVIII, l'a usurpee, n'etant appele au trone que par un vil senat, dont plus de dix membres ont vote la morte de Louis XVI. Je

* I was wrong; but I then had other views, because I had yet many resources.

† But tell me, general, if I am not received in the island of Elba, what do you advise me to do?

‡ I have thought so too: but as I have wished to do the English so much mischief, they will always feel resentment against me for it.

§ You know I have never broken my word; and I will not do it now, unless they force me to it by bad treatment.

¶ I see nothing great in putting an end to one's life like a desperate gamester who has lost his whole fortune. There is much more courage in surviving our misfortunes when unmerited. That I have not feared death I have proved on many occasions, and latterly again at Arcis-sur-Aube, where four horses were killed under me.

n'ai jamais été la cause de la perte de qui que ce soit; pour la guerre c'est différent; mais j'ai dû la faire, parceque la nation vouloit que j'aggrandisse la France."* After general Koller had quitted him, he sent for colonel Campbell, conversed with him about his plan of seeking protection in England, admitted general Schuwaloff and myself to a short audience, in which the conversation ran only upon indifferent topics—and about twelve o'clock descended into the court-yard of the palace, where the grenadiers of his guard were drawn up. He here collected around him the officers and serjeants of the guard, to deliver the celebrated speech so universally known, and which he did with so much dignity and warmth, that all who stood near were moved by it. After he had embraced general Petit, and kissed the standard, he exclaimed with a broken voice, "Adieu, mes enfans! mes vœux vous accompagneront toujours; conservez-moi mon souvenir"†—extended his hand to be kissed by the officers standing round him, and then with his grand marshal ascended his carriage.

General Drouet took the lead in a close carriage; immediately after the emperor came general Koller; general Schuwaloff followed next; then colonel Campbell; and lastly myself: each in his own caleshe. My adjutant was followed by general Schuwaloff's, and eight carriages with the emperor's suite closed the procession. A loud "Vive l'empereur!" attended his departure, and received him in every town and place through which our route lay; whilst we, on the other hand, were obliged to endure the painful task of hearing from the mob their discontent at our presence and the object of our journey, and which, for the most part was couched in the lowest terms of abuse. Attended by his guards as far as Briare, we here passed the night. From this place five of his carriages were immediately despatched forwards, the scarcity of horses having rendered it necessary that we should proceed in two divisions. The emperor, however, we commissaries, and his four other carriages, did not quit Briare till about twelve o'clock of the 21st, and not till after he had held a long conversation with general Koller, which he commenced with these words: "Eh bien! vous avez entendu hier

* I have no reproach to make myself. I have not been an usurper, for I accepted the crown only on the unanimous wish of the whole nation: But Louis 18th has usurped it, being called to the throne only by a vile senate, more than ten of whose members have voted for the death of Louis 16th. I never was the cause of any one's destruction. As for war, that's different. But I was obliged to make war, because the nation wished that I should aggrandize France.

† Farewell, my children, my best wishes will always accompany you. Remember me!

mon discours a la vielle garde; il vous a plu, et vous avez vu l'effet qu'il a produit. Voila comme il faut leur parler et agir avec eux; et si Louis XVIII. ne suit pas cet exemple, il ne fera jamais rien du soldat Francais."* He then passed many encomiums on the emperor Alexander, for his friendship in offering him an establishment in Russia; a kindness which he with more right, but fruitlessly, had expected from his father-in-law. He likewise declared that he never could forgive the king of Prussia for having given the first example of revolt; and asked, how it had been possible to awaken this spirit in the Prussian nation? In other respects, however, he felt disposed to do them perfect justice. From this he again turned to the danger which Austria was exposed to from such a neighbour, whose good understanding with Russia so intimately united these two states, that they properly formed but one.

With colonel Campbell, whom he this day detained to breakfast, he spoke much about the Spanish war, and praised beyond measure the English nation and lord Wellington. He then entered into conversation with the orderly in waiting, colonel De la Place, on the subject of the last war. Amongst other remarks he observed, "Sans cet animal de general, qui m'a fait a croire que c'etait Schwarzenberg qui me poursuivait a St. Dizier, tandis que ce n'etait que Winzingerode, et sans cet autre bete, qui fut cause que je marchais apres a Troyes, ou je comptais manger quarante mille Autrichiens, et n'y trouvais pas un chat, j'eusse marche sur Paris, y serais arrive avant les allies, et je n'en serais pas la ou j'en suis; mais j'ai toujours ete mal entoure: et puis ces flagorneurs de prefets qui m'assurèrent que la levee en masse se faisait avec le plus grand succes; enfin, ce traître de Marmont a acheve la chose; mais il y a encore d'autres marechaux, qui sont tout aussi mal-intentionne, entr' autres Suchet que j'ai, au reste, toujours connu, ainsi que sa femme, comme des intrigans."† He now

* Well! you heard yesterday my speech to the old guard: it pleased you, and you saw the effect it produced. It is thus it is necessary to speak to them, and to act with them; and if Louis 18th does not follow this example, he will never do any thing with French soldiers.

† If it had not been for that animal of a general, who made me believe that it was Schwarzenburg who pursued me to St. Dizier when it was only Winzingerode; and for that other blockhead who occasioned me to march upon Troyes; where I expected to destroy forty thousand Austrians, but did not find a cat, I should have marched upon Paris, arrived there before the allies, and should not have been in the state in which I am. But I have been always surrounded by bad men: And then those vile sycophants the prefects, who assured me that the levee en masse was going on with the greatest success: And lastly, that traitor Marmont who finished the business. But there are other marshals quite as bad. Among others Suchet, whom I have always known, as well as his wife, to be intriguers.

vehemently abused the senate, and censured the new government for not having applied the war-chest taken from him to the payment of arrears due to the army, instead of considering it, as they had done, the property of the crown. Near Briare we met the imperial state equipage, together with several baggage-wagons and led horses heavily laden; who in consequence of the emperor's orders were now to proceed by way of Auxerre, Lyon, and Grenoble to Lavonne. From thence they were to be shipped for Elba. In our journey of to-day, which extended as far as Nevers, both his and our reception fully corresponded with that of the day preceding, and in Nevers itself the populace loudly threatened and abused us under the windows. On the 22d, at six o'clock in the morning, we again moved forwards. Count Klamm had likewise arrived from Paris with the corrected order of the French government to the commandant of Elba; in pursuance of which all the artillery and ammunition then on the island was to be secured to the emperor. The count now remained with general Koller, and continued the journey with us. As the detachments of the guards were only posted as far as Nevers, the emperor was attended by the last of these to Villeneuve-sur-Allier, and from henceforward we found in the various places, first Cossacks, and then Austrian troops. Napoleon refused however to be escorted by either, in order to avoid the appearance of being a state prisoner, and said, "Vous voyez bien que je n'en ai aucunement besoin,"* He passed the night at Baonne, and left it at nine o'clock in the morning of the 23d. From the spot where the French troops ceased, the cry of *Vive l'empereur!* likewise had an end. Already in Moulins we saw the white cockade, and the inhabitants saluted us with "*Vive les allies!*" In Lyons, which we passed through about eleven o'clock at night, a few people collected, who received the emperor with "*Vive l'empereur!*" As he had expressed a wish to be escorted by an English frigate to the island of Elba, colonel Campbell left us at Lyons for the purpose of procuring one, either from Toulon or Marseilles. About mid-day on the 24th, on this side of Valence, Napoleon met marshal Augereau. Both alighted from their carriages. The emperor saluted the marshal, embraced him, and took off his hat to him. Augereau returned none of these civilities. The emperor, as he asked him, "*Ou vas-tu comme ca? Tu vas a la cour?*"† took the marshal by the arm

* You see evidently that I have no need of them whatever.

† Where are you going thus? are you going to the court?

and led him forwards. Augereau replied, his present journey extended only to Lyons. They walked together for a quarter of a league on the road towards Valence. At length, tired of the discourse, the emperor turned suddenly towards the marshal, embraced him, again took off his hat to him, and got into the carriage. Augereau, who stood with his hands behind him, with an insolence which no one can commend, did not move his cap from his head, but as Napoleon was already in the carriage, drew one hand forward in order to wave a kind of farewell. He now returned to his carriage, saluting very politely the commissaries as he passed. The emperor said to general Koller about an hour afterwards, "Je viens d'apprendre l'infame proclamation d'Augereau; si je l'eusse connue plutot, je lui aurais joliment lave la tete."*

In Valence we found French troops belonging to Augereau's corps, who with white cockades received the emperor with the appropriate honours. The indignation of the soldiery was evident as they perceived us in his suite. But this triumph was his last. "Vive l'empereur!" resounded no more, and at two o'clock in the morning, as we arrived at Orange, we were received with "Vive le Roi! Vive Louis XVIII!" On the same morning close to Avignon where the relays of horses awaited us, the emperor found a crowd assembled, who with tumultuous cries saluted him with "Vive le Roi! Vivent les Allies! A bas Nicolas! A bas le Tyran, le Coquin, le mauvais Gueux!"† and still coarser abuse. In compliance with our instructions we did every thing in our power to lighten the evil, but could only partially effect it; and Napoleon endured with the greatest patience every term of abuse uttered against him. The people however, as they constantly greeted us with "Vivent les Allies, nos Libérateurs! le genereux empereur de Russie, et le bon Roi Guillaume!"‡ likewise conceived we should not deny them the liberty of venting their indignation against the man who had made them so unhappy, and even had the intention of rendering them still more miserable. They wanted to compel the emperor's postillion to cry "Vive le Roi!" and one fellow who was armed drew a sword to cut at him. He was however prevented, and the horses being speedily changed, the carriage rolled so rapidly forward that we did not overtake it till a quarter of a league

* I have just learnt the infamous proclamation of Augereau: If I had known it sooner, I should have rated him for it handsomely.

† Long live the king! Success to the allies! Down with the tyrant, the rascal, the scoundrel!

‡ Success to the allies our deliverers, the generous emperor of Russia, and the good king William!

on the other side of Avignon. In every village, and from all kinds of people whom the emperor met on the road, he was received in a similar manner as at Avignon. In Orgon, the next place where we changed horses, the conduct of the populace was most outrageous. Exactly on the spot where the horses were taken out, a gallows was erected, on which a figure in French uniform sprinkled with blood was suspended. On its breast it bore a paper with this inscription:

“Tel sera tôt ou tard le sort, du Tyran.”*

The rabble pressed around his carriage, and elevated themselves on both sides in order to look and cast in their abuse. The emperor pressed into a corner, looked pale and disfigured, and as at length through our assistance he was happily brought off and had proceeded a quarter of a league from Orgon, he changed his dress in his carriage, put on a plain blue great coat and a round hat with a white cockade, mounted a post horse, and rode on before as a courier. As it was some time ere we overtook him, we were perfectly ignorant of his being no longer in the carriage, and in St. Canat, where the horses were again changed, we still believed him to be in the greatest danger; for the people attempted to break open the doors, which however were fortunately locked. Had they succeeded they would certainly have destroyed general Bertrand, who sat there alone. We prevented it however, and in spite of the stones which the people cast against the carriage, Bertrand happily escaped. Characteristic is the prayer with which some of the women assailed me: “pour l’amour de Dieu, veuillez-le nous livrer au pillage: il l’a si bien mérité envers vous et envers nous, qu’il n’y a rien de plus juste que notre demande.”†

Having overtaken the emperor’s carriage about half a league on the other side of Orgon, it shortly afterwards entered a miserable public house, lying on the road-side, called La Calade. We followed it, and here first learnt Buonaparte’s disguise, who in this attire had arrived here, accompanied by one courier only. His suite from the generals to the scullions, were decorated with white cockades, which he appeared previously to have provided himself with. His valet-de-chambre, who came to meet us, begged we would conduct ourselves towards the emperor as if he were colonel Campbell, for whom on his arrival he had passed himself. We entered, and found in a kind of chamber this former ruler of the world, buried

* Such, soon or late, will be the lot of the tyrant!

† For the love of God, deliver him up to us to be pillaged: he has deserved it so richly from you as well as us, that nothing is more just than our demand.

in thought, sitting with his head supported by his hand, I did not immediately recognise him, and walked towards him. He started up as he heard somebody approaching. His countenance was bedewed with tears. He made a sign, that I might not discover him, requested me to sit down beside him, and as long as the landlady was in the room, conversed upon indifferent subjects. As soon, however, as she was gone out, he resumed his former position. We left him alone; he sent, however, to request we would pass backwards and forwards, to prevent any suspicion of his being there. We informed him it was known colonel Campbell had passed through here the day before, on his way to Toulon; on which he determined on assuming the name of lord Burghersh. Here we dined, but as the dinner had not been prepared by his own cooks, he would not partake of it. He felt ashamed, however, at seeing us all eat both with good appetites and good consciences, and therefore helped himself from every dish, but without swallowing the least morsel. A little bread, and a bottle of wine taken from his carriage, and which he divided with us, constituted his whole repast. In other respects he was conversable and extremely friendly towards us. Whenever the landlady, who waited upon us at table, left the room, and he perceived we were alone, he repeated to us his apprehensions for his life, and assured us the French government had indisputably determined to destroy or arrest him here. A thousand plans ran through his brain how he might escape, and what arrangements ought to be made to deceive the people of Aix, whom he had learnt awaited him by thousands at the post-house. The most eligible plan in his estimation would be to go back again to Lyons, and from thence strike into another road by way of Italy to the island of Elba. This, however, we should on no account have allowed, and we therefore endeavoured to persuade him to proceed either directly to Toulon, or by way of Digne to Frejus. We assured him, that without our knowledge it was impossible the French government could entertain such insidious intentions against him, and although the people allowed themselves the greatest improprieties, they would never charge themselves with a crime of the nature he feared. In order to inform us better, and to convince us the inhabitants of that part of the country meditated his destruction, he related to us what had happened to him as he arrived here alone. The landlady, who did not recognise him, asked him, "Eh bien, avez-vous rencontre Buonaparte?"* He replied in the negative. "Je suis curieuse,"

* Well, have you met with Buonaparte?

continued she, "de voir, s'il pourra se sauver; je crois toujours que le peuple va le massacrer: aussi faut-il convenir, qu'il l'a bien merite, ce coquin-la! Dites-moi donc, on va l'embarquer pour son ile, n'est ce pas?—Mais, oui—Ah! mais ou le noyera, j'espere!"* "Oh, sans doute!"† returned the emperor. "Vous voyez donc," he added, turning towards us, "a quel danger je suis expose;"‡—and now again, with all his apprehensions and indecision, he renewed his solicitations of counsel. He even begged us to look around, and see if we could not any where discover a private door through which he might slip out, or if the window, the shutters of which upon entering he had half closed at the bottom, was too high for him to jump out at in case of need. On examination we found the window on the outside was provided with an iron trellis-work, and threw him into evident consternation as I communicated to him the discovery. At the least noise he started up in terror and changed colour. After dinner we left him alone, and as we went in and out found him frequently weeping. In the meantime, a great number of persons, chiefly from Aix, had collected in the inn, who conjectured our detention could only be occasioned by the presence of the emperor. We endeavoured to make them believe that he was already gone on before. They would not, however, credit the assertion; assured us they had no evil intention against him, and only wished to behold him that they might observe how he looked in misfortune, or at farthest to make him some verbal reproaches, and tell him what he had so seldom heard—the truth. We strove to turn them away from their purpose, and a respectable citizen undertook, with a written commission from us to the mayor of Aix, to restore order and tranquillity in that town. In consequence of this proposal, which general Koller communicated to the emperor, and which the latter approved of, count Klamm was sent forwards with a note to the mayor of Aix. As soon as the count was returned with the cheerful intelligence of the mayor's acquiescence, and general Schuwaloff's adjutant had likewise announced that the major part of the populace assembled on the road were dispersed, the emperor, towards midnight, determined on proceeding. For greater precaution, however, another disguise was assumed. General Schuwaloff's adjutant was obliged to put on the blue great coat and round hat

* I am curious to see if he will be able to save himself: I believe the people are going to massacre him: It must be acknowledged he has deserved it well, the rascal! But tell me; they are going to embark him, for his island, is it not so?—Ay, ay—but they will drown him I hope.

† Oh doubtless!

‡ You see then to what danger I am exposed.

in which the emperor had reached the inn, that in case of necessity he might be regarded, insulted, or murdered for him.

Napoleon, who now pretended to be an Austrian colonel, dressed himself in the uniform of general Koller, with the order of Theresa, wore my camp cap, and cast over his shoulders general Schuwaloff's mantle. After the allies had thus equipped him, the carriages drove up, and we were obliged to march to them through the other rooms of the inn in a certain order, which had been previously tried in our own chamber. The procession was headed by general Drouet: then came as emperor general Schuwaloff's adjutant; upon this general Koller, the emperor, general Schuwaloff, and lastly myself, to whom the honour of forming the rear guard was assigned. The remainder of the imperial suite united themselves with us as we passed by, and thus we walked through the gaping multitude, who vainly endeavoured to distinguish their tyrant amongst us. Schuwaloff's adjutant, major Olewieff, placed himself in Napoleon's carriage, and the latter sat beside general Koller in his caleche. A few gens d'armes who had arrived from Aix scattered the rabble, and the procession now proceeded happily forwards. Whenever we appeared, we still found people who saluted their former ruler with "Vive le Roi!"* and some terms of abuse against himself; but nothing like violence was attempted. Still however he was constantly in alarm. He not only remained in general Koller's caleche, but even begged he would allow the servant to smoke who sat before, and asked the general himself if he could sing! in order that he might dissipate, through such familiar conduct, any suspicion in the places where we stopped, that the emperor sat with him in the carriage. As the general could not sing, Napoleon begged him to whistle; and with this singular music we made our entry into every place; whilst the emperor, fumigated with the incense of the tobacco-pipe, pressed himself into the corner of the caleche and pretended to be fast asleep. On the open road he renewed the conversation. He spoke freely of a plan which he till now had entertained, of deposing the present king of Naples and restoring the legitimate dynasty; of indemnifying the king of Sardinia for that island in Italy, and obtaining Sardinia as a future establishment for himself. This, however, he said he no longer wished for; to him every thing which could happen in the political world would be perfectly indifferent, and he felt himself extremely happy in anticipating the solitary and tranquil life he should lead in Porto Ferrajo, in full enjoyment of the sciences. Yes!

* Long live the king.

the throne of Europe might now be boldly offered him, for he should reject it. He added, "Je n'ai jamais estime les hommes, et les ai toujours traites comme ils le meritent; mais cependant les procedes des Français envers moi sont d'une si grande ingratitude que je suis entierement degoute de l'ambition de vouloir gouverner."*

In Maximin he breakfasted with us, and having learnt that the sub-prefect of Aix was there, he ordered him into his presence, and received him with these words: "Vous devez rougir de me voir en uniforme Autrichien, que j'ai du prendre pour me mettre a l'abri des Provençaux. J'arrivais avec pleine confiance au milieu de vous, tandis que j'aurai pu amener avec moi 6000 hommes de ma garde, et je ne trouve qu'un tas d'enrages, qui mettent ma vie en danger. C'est une mechante race que les Provençaux, qui ont commis toutes sortes d'horreurs et de crimes dans la revolution, et qui sont tous prêts a recommencer: mais quand il s'agit de se battre avec courage, alors ces sont de laches: jamais la Provence ne m'a fournit un seul regiment, dont j'aurais pu etre content. Mais tout-autant qu'ils paraissent aujourd'hui contre moi, ils le seront peut-etre demain contre Louis XVIII; ils croient qu'ils n'auront plus rien a payer, et quand ils verront que les contributions ne changeront que de nom, ils seront tout aussi enclins a la revolution que dans l'annee 1790.—Vous n'avez donc pas pu contenir cette populace!"†

The prefect, who did not know if, and in what manner, he should excuse himself in our presence, only said, "Je suis tout confus, sire!"‡ The emperor then asked him if the *droits reunis* were already taken off, and if the *levee en masse* would have encountered many difficulties here? The prefect assured him this could have been still less effected since he had not been able to bring together one half of the conscrip-

* I have never esteemed mankind, and I have always treated them as they deserve. But the conduct of the French towards me is so full of ingratitude, that I am wholly disgusted with the ambition of governing.

† You ought to blush at seeing me in an Austrian uniform, which I have been obliged to assume to protect me against the Provençals. I came among you with full confidence, while I might have brought with me 6000 men of my guard; and I find only a frantic rabble who put my life in danger. They are a wicked race, these Provençals; they have committed all sorts of horrors and crimes in the revolution, and are now quite ready to begin again: but when there is question of fighting with courage, then they are paltrons. Never has Provence furnished me with a single regiment that I had reason to be satisfied with. But just as they appear against me to-day, they will be perhaps to-morrow against Louis XVIII. They think they will have no more taxes to pay, but when they will find that the contributions will only have changed their name, they will be as prone to revolution as in the year 1790.—You have not then been able to restrain this populace!

‡ I am quite confused, sire!

tion. Napoleon now renewed his abuse of the Provençals in the most inconsiderate manner, and dismissed the prefect.

To us he again spoke of Louis XVIII, and said he would never effect any thing with the French nation if he treated them with too much forbearance. He would from necessity be obliged to lay large imposts upon them, and hence cause himself to be immediately hated. He likewise told us that "eighteen years before he had marched through this place with some thousand men, to liberate two royalists who were to have been executed for wearing the white cockade. In spite, however, of the fury of the populace with which he had had to contend, he fortunately saved them, and to-day (he continued) would that man be murdered by this same populace who should refuse to wear a white cockade—so contradictory and vacillating are they in every thing they do." Having learnt that two squadrons of Austrian hussars were stationed at Luc, an order was sent at his request to the commanders, to await our arrival there, in order to escort the emperor to Frejus. This tranquillized him extremely. Still however he retained his rigid incognito, and was quite rejoiced at general Koller's being taken for the emperor in a conversation he held with a French officer, a native of Corsica. Koller was obliged to put various questions to him, which Napoleon whispered in his ear, and which led the officer to conclude it must be the emperor who spoke with him, since no Austrian general could have such an intimate knowledge of Corsica. As Napoleon observed this, he begged the general would on no account undeceive him. Shortly after mid-day we reached a country house in the neighbourhood of Luc, belonging to the legislator Charles, where the princess Pauline Borghese, the emperor's sister, was residing. We understood she was exceedingly shocked at seeing her brother in his disguise; but immediately determined upon accompanying him to Elba. Upon receiving intelligence a few days before of the recent extraordinary events, she would at first on no account credit them; and at last convinced of their truth, she inquired, "*Mais en ce cas mon frere est mort?*"* Being assured that on the contrary he had signed his abdication, that he had obtained a pension for himself, and was already on his way to Elba, she exclaimed, "*Comment, il a pu survivre a tout cela? C'est la la plus mauvaise des nouvelles que vous venez de me donner.*"† She then sank down in hysteric fits, which were much more

* But in that case my brother is dead?

† How, he has been able to survive all that? This is the worst part of the news you have given me.

severe than usual. Her interview with her brother to-day had also much injured her; but notwithstanding this, she set off the same evening for Nuits, from whence she had but two miles to travel on the following day to Frejus. Previous to her departure she sent us an invitation to wait upon her. We were presented by general Bertrand. She conversed with us with that grace so peculiar to her, and said she hoped to have the pleasure of seeing us again the next day in Frejus.

We left this on the morning of the 27th, and arrived at Frejus early. The Austrian troops who had escorted us hither remained here, and did the duty of the place till the emperor's departure. From the moment Napoleon saw himself in safety from the Austrian escort, he again resumed his uniform, and sat in his own carriage. In Luc he likewise found his other carriage which had gone on before from Briare, and had arrived here a day before us. They had passed through Avignon on Sunday the 24th of April, and had only saved themselves from the danger of being maltreated by the mob, and seeing the carriage plundered, by taking from the latter, as well as their own clothes, every mark of the imperial eagle and name, sticking up a multitude of white cockades and lilies, scattering handfuls of money among the populace, and crying, "Vive le Roi! Vive Louis XVIII! a bas l'empereur! a bas Nicholas!"* They had likewise found means of communicating this scene to their master, so that he was already informed of what awaited him prior to his arrival in Avignon.

In Luc several persons in the Emperor's service quitted him, and it was probably one of these who in the night of the 28th stole a chest, containing 60,000 francs, from the maitre d'hotel, with which the expenses of the journey were to be discharged.

In Frejus we found colonel Campbell, who had brought round from Marseilles the Undaunted, an English frigate, commanded by captain Usher, for the purpose of escorting our distinguished companion, and securing his ship from any attack. In pursuance of the treaty this latter was to have been a corvette, and it was now discovered that the French government had only sent a brig, (L'Inconstant) which was to receive their deposed ruler, and remain his property. A French frigate in addition was destined as escort. Napoleon was extremely displeased at receiving a brig instead of a corvette, and we not unwillingly saw that he had formed the determination of shipping himself on board of the English frigate, and

* Long live the king! long live Louis XVIII! down with the emperor! down with Nicholas!

making no use of the brig. He said, "Si le gouvernement eut scu ee qu'il se doit a lui meme et a celui qui a ete son chef, il lui aurait envoye un batiment a trois ponts, et non pas un vieux Brick pourri, a bord duquel il serait au dessous de ma dignite de monter."* The captain of the French frigate, offended at the emperor's disdain, sailed with his ship and the brig back again to Toulon, and the emperor now invited us commissaries, count Klamm, and captain Usher to dinner. Here again he was all the emperor. He conversed for the most part with captain Usher, and as the latter understood but little French, Campbell was obliged to officiate as interpreter. He told us with singular frankness, the plans he had still contemplated of aggrandizing France at our expense; how he intended to have made Hamburgh a second Antwerp, and to have remodelled the harbour of Cuxhaven, in a similar manner to that of Cherbourg, &c. He even communicated to us what was hitherto completely unknown; the Elbe had precisely the same depth with the Scheldt, and like this was completely adapted for laying a road at its embouchure. He had already prepared a project for introducing into his empire a particular conscription for his marine, in the same manner as for his land forces. Had it not been for the misfortunes he had encountered by land, every means had stood at his command for the execution of this great plan, and within two years, with such enormous powers at his command, he could not have failed in reducing England, for against her alone had all his previous efforts been directed. He could now speak of these plans, since his present situation rendered the execution of them totally impossible. In his zeal he became so animated that he spoke of his fleet in Toulon, Brest, and Antwerp; of his army in Hamburgh; of his mortars lying at Hieres with which he could cast bombs above three thousand paces; and of all as if they were yet his own.

After dinner he took leave of general Schuwaloff and me, thanked us for the personal services we had rendered him, and in general terms spoke of the French government with indignation and contempt. To general Koller in particular he complained of the wrongs he had experienced. They had left him only a single service of silver plate, only six dozen of shirts; had retained, contrary to the agreement, the remainder of his plate and linen; had acted precisely in the same manner with regard to a quantity of furniture, which he had purchas-

* If the government had known what was due to itself and to him who has been its chief, it would have sent him a three-decker, and not a rotten old brig, on board of which it would be beneath my dignity to go.

ed with his own money, and among other things had refused to acknowledge his exclusive right to the regent-diamond, although he had redeemed it with four (?) millions of his own private property (?) from the Jews in Berlin, to whom the French government had pawned it. He begged Koller would communicate these grievances to his own and the Russian emperor, in order that they might be relieved, and he might have justice done him. On the evening of this day we signed two notes to the governor of Elba, requesting him, in compliance with the order of his government, to deliver up the island to the emperor Napoleon, together with all the artillery and ammunition then upon it.

Early on the morning of the 28th he was to have departed, and had ordered his equipage to be shipped; he pretended, however, to be indisposed, and did not quit his chamber till about nine o'clock in the evening, after having previously requested to speak with Schuwaloff and me. As the general was already driven forwards towards the harbour, he took leave of me alone; thanked me again for the personal services I had rendered him, but did not commission me with any message for the king. General Schuwaloff went on board the frigate after the emperor was there, and of him he begged "*de presenter ses hommages a l'empereur Alexandre.*"* The Austrian hussars attended him with all military honours to the harbour St. Raphael, where fourteen years before he had landed on his return from Egypt. On board the frigate he was received with a discharge of four and twenty pieces of cannon. In two hours the frigate got under weigh. General Koller, colonel Campbell, count Klammer, and general Koller's adjutant, attended the emperor to the island of Elba. His own suite consisted of generals Bertrand and Drouet, the Polish major Germanofsky, two Fourriers du Palais, one officer payeur, Mons. Pyrrhus, one physician, Mon. Fourreau, two secretaries, one maitre d'hotel, one valet de chambre, two cooks, and six servants. General Bertrand was much affected. General Drouet evinced more firmness and stability. The emperor had wished to present him with 100,000 francs, but he declined it, with the assurance that if he accepted the money he could not attend him, since his conduct would then be considered as having originated solely in selfishness. General Schuwaloff and I left Frejus the same night, the former directly for Paris, and I by way of Toulon and Marseilles.

* To present the homage of his respects to the emperor Alexander.

SUPPLEMENT.

General Koller and colonel Campbell, who had been commissioned to attend Napoleon to the island, obtained hence frequent opportunities of becoming more intimately acquainted with this extraordinary man. During the five days they passed at sea (contrary winds, storms, and calms, having rendered it impossible to sail quicker,) Napoleon was constantly in good humour, of singular condescension and courtesy, and impatient of reaching the place of his destination. Both the commissaries, captain Usher, count Klamm, and lieutenant Smith (of the Undaunted) were daily invited to his table; but his confidence was exclusively given to general Koller. To him he expressed his regret of what had occurred on his road. "Quant a vous, mon cher general, je me suis montre cul-nud; mais dites-moi franchement si vous ne croyez pas aussi que toutes ces scenes scandaleuses ont ete sourdement excitee par le gouvernement Francais."* Koller assured him, that on the contrary, he was convinced the government never would have allowed itself a conduct so opposite to the intentions of the allied powers. The emperor's apprehensions, as to his reception still continued; and on the 4th of May, as the island came in sight, general Drouet, count Klamm, and lieutenant Smith, were despatched on shore. The former acted as commissary of Napoleon: the two latter bore a summons, signed by us, to the French commandant, to deliver up, in compliance with the order of his government, to the emperor Napoleon as his property, and *pro tempore* to general Drouet as his agent, the island and the fort, together with all the arms, artillery, and warlike stores, upon it. These deputies found the inhabitants of Elba in a state of complete anarchy. In Porto Ferrajo waved the white, in Porto Lungano the tri-coloured flag, and in other parts of the island the people wished to maintain their independence. As soon, however, as the intelligence had spread itself of Buonaparte's arrival, and the treasures he had brought with him, the several factions quickly united into a common acknowledgment of their ruler. The French officers delivered up to general Drouet the island, the fort, and the military stores, amongst which were three hundred and twenty-five pieces of cannon, chiefly brass. The new imperial standard being planted on the watch-tower of Porto Ferrajo, count Klamm and lieutenant Smith returned to the Undaunted, to bring the emperor the joyful tidings. Cap-

* As to you, my dear general, I have exposed myself without disguise; but tell me frankly whether you do not believe that all these scandalous scenes have been secretly excited by the French government?

tain Usher had already saluted the fort of Porto Ferrajo with the customary discharge of cannon, and received its salute in return, which Napoleon again believed to be given in honour of himself. As general Drouet had now taken possession of the fort, he ordered a hundred pieces of cannon to be discharged on the emperor's landing; and the municipality welcomed him with a suitable oration. In reply, Napoleon assured them, that "the mildness of the climate, and the gentle manners of the inhabitants of the island, had induced him to select this alone of all his extensive possessions, in the hope they would know how to estimate the distinction, and constantly to love him as obedient children, whilst he should ever conduct himself towards them as a provident father and sovereign." An orchestra, consisting of three violins and two violoncellos, which had accompanied the deputation, now burst upon this tender prince; who, under a canopy, decorated with old scarlet and new gilt paper, held his solemn entry into his residence. He was carried to the house of government, which, in the hurry of the moment, had been prepared for his reception. The hall, destined for a ball-room for public occasions, and whose walls were decorated with small glass chandeliers, had in haste been provided with an imperial throne, covered with scarlet and gold paper. The musicians, who had attended him hither, now ascended the gallery with all possible speed, and sounded forth such furious tones of joy, that the prince, quite overpowered, requested to be led to his dwelling apartments, in order to tranquillize his emotions. These were so miserably arranged, that he immediately held a council with general Koller upon the best means of bringing over the furniture of his sister Eliza from Lucca and Piombino. General Koller wrote to the officer of the grand duke of Tuscany on the subject, who immediately transported them to Porto Ferrajo in a number of small craft. It was this which gave rise to the report that Napoleon had confiscated a ship laden with the effects of his brother-in-law prince Borghese, under the pretext that it was the dower of his sister Paulina.

Immediately after his arrival the emperor inspected the fortifications, and was so well pleased, both with their present condition and their susceptibility of some few improvements, that he declared he could and would engage to defend himself here against every possible attack.

General Koller remained ten days in Elba, daily gaining upon the confidence of Napoleon, who undertook nothing without asking his advice. Amongst other things, he once dis-

closed to him, "that within four-and-twenty hours he should have from three to four thousand men at his disposal: for he had issued a proclamation to the French garrison then quitting the island, stating that he would take into pay all those officers and soldiers who felt willing to serve him, and he had just heard the concourse was so great, that already some thousands had given in their names. Koller openly censured this measure, since, by such a proceeding, suspicions would be entertained of his peaceable intentions. "Qu'est ce que ça me fait?" rejoined Napoleon: "J'ai examine les fortifications, et je defie qu'on puisse m'attaquer ici avec le moindre succes."* General Koller replied, this he did not doubt; but he feared the French government would gladly seize on such a pretext for not paying him the promised pension. "Croyez-vous?" interrupted the emperor hastily—"Diable! cela ne m'arrangeroit pas du tout—mais que faire a present?"† Koller proposed that a more explicit interpretation should be published, stating, that only those soldiers were intended who were natives of the island. This advice was instantly followed with the most obliging thanks.

The emperor had for some time been accustomed to listen to Koller with patience, when he openly told him he was in the wrong. During the two first days of our journey the general had repeatedly said to him, "Votre majeste a tort."‡ Napoleon at length vehemently exclaimed, "Vous me dites toujours que j'ai tort, et continuellement que j'ai tort; parlez vous donc aussi comme cela a votre empereur?"§ Koller assured him, that on the contrary his master would take it extremely ill if all his servants did not freely speak their opinions. Napoleon, in a milder tone, returned, "En ce cas votre maitre est bien mieux servi que je ne l'ai jamais ete."¶

Napoleon occupied himself with restless activity. Sometimes he visited by water the small and uninhabited islands adjacent, amongst which Pinoso is particularly distinguished for its luxuriant vegetation, romantic form, and the wild horses which are found upon it. At others he rode over every spot in the island which was accessible on horseback. General Koller was constantly his attendant; to him he communi-

* What's that to me? I have examined the fortifications, and I defy any one to attack me here with the least success.

† Do you believe so? the devil! that would not suit me at all: but what should be done at present?

‡ Your majesty is in the wrong.

§ You are always telling me that I am in the wrong—continually in the wrong: do you speak thus to your emperor?

¶ In that case your master is better served than I have ever been.

eated all his projects for embellishing Porto Ferrajo, building a new palace, establishing public institutions, &c. All his plans were formed on an extensive scale; and in order to gain the affections of the Elbese, he presented them, on the second day of his arrival, with 60,000 francs, for the purpose of making a new road. This road had been long projected, but from scarcity of money had never been executed. This money, which he had brought with him in gold, he previously changed into silver at Leghorn, that his wealth might be more apparent, as his own people bore it through the streets from the palace to the municipality. This artifice completely answered his wishes. Nothing was now spoken of but his Cræsus treasures and his boundless liberality.

Previous to his arrival, the tunny-fishery had been farmed to a rich Genoese, who on this account possessed a house in Porto Ferrajo, but which unhappily stood in the way of Napoleon's plan for embellishing the town. Without any ceremony he ordered the house to be razed, and even without promising the proprietor the smallest indemnification. On the contrary, after the latter had made a most furious clamour upon the injustice and hardship practised against him, the emperor gave notice (although the contract of the Genoese had not yet expired) that he would dispose of the fishery to the highest bidder, and that 20,000 francs more than the former rent had already been offered him. The unfortunate Genoese now ran in the greatest consternation to the emperor, and begged he might be allowed the refusal. He would willingly pay whatsoever the emperor considered reasonable, and nothing more should be said of the house which had been destroyed. Napoleon now suffered himself to be moved, remitted something of the extra 20,000 francs, which had been required, and the Genoese returned home lauding the imperial munificence to the skies.

POETRY.

EPITAPH—BY LORD BYRON.

[The following stanzas are from the pen of lord Byron. We believe they have never appeared in any edition of his works.]

BRIGHT be the place of thy soul!
No lovelier spirit than thine
E'er burst from its mortal control,
In the orbs of the blessed to shine:
On earth thou wert all but divine,
As thy soul shall immortally be,
And our sorrow may cease to repine
When we know that thy God is with thee.

Light be the turf of thy tomb!
May its verdure like emeralds be!
There should not be shadow of gloom
In aught that reminds us of thee:
Young flowers and an evergreen tree
May grow on the spot of thy rest,
But nor cypress nor yew let us see—
For why should we mourn for the blest?

THE TOMB OF BURROWS.

I SAW the green turf resting cold
On Burrows' hallow'd grave,
No stone the inquiring patriot told
Where slept the good and brave.
Heaven's rain and dew conspired to blot
The traces of the holy spot.

No flowrets deck'd the little mound,
That moulder'd on his breast,
Nor rural maidens, gath'ring round,
His tomb with garlands drest;
But sporting children thoughtless trod
On Valour's consecrated sod.

I mourn'd, who for his country bleeds
Should be forgot so soon,
That fairest fame and brightest deeds
Should want a common boon.
But oh! the rich have hearts of steel,
And what can Pen'ry more than feel?

At length "a passing Stranger"* came
Whose hand its bounties shed,
He bade the speaking marble claim
A tribute for the dead:
And, sweetly blending, hence shall flow
The tears of Gratitude and Woe.

* Mr. Davis of New York

THE FIELD OF WATERLOO;

A POEM—BY WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

This poem, which with its notes we present entire to our readers, possesses as much interest, perhaps, as the description of any single battle can excite, and is enriched with ornaments of fancy and language as splendid as those with which the powerful genius of its justly celebrated author has already decorated the fields of Flodden and Bannockburne. Nothing can prove more forcibly the fertility of his imagination and his extraordinary discriminating powers than that he has delineated in the strongest lines and the richest colours of poetry, three great battles, and has been able to make a fine picture of each of them, widely different from that of either of the others in style, features, and general character. Walter Scott is the Shakespeare of combats.

FAIR Brussels, thou art far behind,
Though, lingering on the morning wind,
We yet may hear the hour
Peal'd over orchard and canal,
With voice prolong'd and measur'd fall,
From proud Saint Michael's tower;
Thy wood, dark Soignies, holds us now,
Where the tall beaches' glossy bough
For many a league around,
With birch and darksome oak between,
Spreads deep and far a pathless screen,
Of tangled forest ground.
Stems planted close by stems defy
Th' adventurous foot—the curious eye
For access seeks in vain;
And the brown tapestry of leaves,
Strew'd on the blighted ground, receives
Nor sun, nor air, nor rain.
No opening glade dawns on our way,
No streamlet, glancing to the ray,
Our woodland path has cross'd;
And the straight causeway which we tread,
Prolongs a line of dull arcade,
Unvarying through the unvaried shade
Until in distance lost.

II.

A brighter, livelier scene succeeds;
In groups the scattering wood recedes,
Hedge-rows, and huts, and sunny meads,
And corn-fields glance between;
The peasant, at his labour blithe,
Plies the hook'd staff and shorten'd sith:^{*}
But when these ears were green,
Placed close within Destruction's scope,

Full little was that rustie's hope
Their ripening to have seen!
And, lo, a hamlet and its fane:—
Let not the gazer with disdain
Their architecture view;
For yonder rude ungraceful shrine,
And disproportioned spire, are thine,
Immortal Waterloo!

III.

Fear not the heat, though full and high
The sun has scorch'd the autumn sky,
And scarce a forest straggler now
To shade us spreads a greenwood bough;
These fields have seen a hotter day
Than ere was fired by sunny ray.
Yet one mile on—yon shatter'd hedge
Crests the soft hill whose long smooth ridge
Looks on the field below,
And sinks so gently on the dale,
That not the folds of Beauty's veil
In easier curves can flow.
Brief space from thence, the ground again
Ascending slowly from the plain,
Forms an opposing screen,
Which, with its crest of upland ground,
Shuts th' horizon all around.
The soften'd vale between
Slopes smooth and fair for courser's tread;
Not the most timid maid need dread
To give her snow-white palfrey head
On that wide stubble-ground;
Nor wood, nor tree, nor bush are there;
Her course to intercept or scare,
Nor fosse nor fence are found,

* The reaper in Flanders carries in his left hand a stick with an iron hook, with which he collects as much grain as he can cut at one sweep with a short sith, which he holds in his right hand. They carry on this double process with great spirit and dexterity.

Save where, from out her shatter'd bow-
ers,
Rise Hougomont's dismantled towers.

IV.

Now, see'st thou aught in this lone scene
Can tell of that which late hath been?—

A stranger might reply,
"The bare extent of stubble plain
Seems lately lighten'd of its grain;
And yonder sable tracks remain
Marks of the peasant's ponderous wain
When harvest-home was nigh.
On these broad spots of trampled ground,
Perchance the rustics danced such round
As Teniers loved to draw;
And where the earth seems scorched by
flame
To dress the homely feast they came,
And toil'd the 'kerchief'd village dame
Around her fire of straw."—

V.

So deem'st thou—so each mortal deems,
Of that which is from that which seems:

But other harvest here
Than that which peasant's sithe demands,
Was gather'd in by sterner hands,
With bayonet, blade, and spear.
No vulgar crop was theirs to reap,
No stinted harvest, thin and cheap!
Heroes before each fatal sweep
Full thick as ripen'd grain;
And ere the darkening of the day,
Piled high as autumn shocks, there lay
The ghastly harvest of the fray,
The corpses of the slain.

VI.

Ay, look again—that line so black
And trampled, marks the bivouack,
Yon deep-graved ruts the artillery's track,
— So often lost and won;
And close beside, the harden'd mud
Still shows where, fetlock-deep in blood,
The fierce dragoon, through battle's flood,
Dash'd the hot war-horse on.
These spots of excavation tell
The ravage of the bursting shell—
And feelst thou not the tainted steam,
That reeks against the sultry beam,
From yonder trenched mound?
The pestilential fumes declare
That Carnage has replenish'd there
Her garner house profound.

VII.

Far other harvest-home and feast,
Than claims the boor from sithe releas'd,
On these scorched fields were known!
Death hover'd o'er the maddening route,
And, in the thrilling battle shout,
Sent for the bloody banquet out
A summons of his own.
Through rolling smoke the Demon's eye
Could well each destined guest espy,
Well could his ear in ecstacy
Distinguish every tone.
That fill'd the chorus of the fray—
From cannon roar and trumpet-bray,
From charging squadrons' wild hurra,
From the wild clang that mark'd their
way,—
Down to the dying groan,
And the last sob of life's decay
When breath was all but flown.

VIII.

Feast on, stern foe of mortal life,
Feast on!—but think not that a strife,
With such promiscuous carnage rife,
Protracted space may last;
The deadly tug of war at length
Must limits find in human strength,
And cease when these are pass'd.
Vain hope!—that morn's o'erclouded sun
Heard the wild shout of fight begun
Ere he attain'd his height,
And through the war-smoke volumed high
Still peals that unremitted cry,
Though now he stoops to night.
For ten long hours of doubt and dread,
Fresh succours from the extended head
Of either hill the contest fed;
Still down the slope they drew,
The charge of columns paused not,
Nor ceased the storm of shell and shot;
For all that war could do
Of skill and force was proved that day,
And turn'd not yet the doubtful fray
On bloody Waterloo.

IX.

Pale Brussels! then what thoughts were
thine,*
When ceaseless from the distant line
Continued thunders came!
Each burgher held his breath, to hear
These forerunners of havoc near,
Of rapine and of flame.

* It was affirmed by the prisoners of war, that Bonaparte had promised his army, in case of victory, twenty-four hours plunder of the city of Brussels.

What ghastly sights were thine to meet,
 When, rolling through thy stately street,
 The wounded show'd their mangled plight
 In token of the unfinish'd fight,
 And from each anguish-laden wain
 The blood-drops laid thy dust like rain!
 How often in the distant drum
 Heard'st thou the fell invader come,
 While Ruin, shouting to his band,
 Shook high her torch and gory brand!—
 Cheer thee, fair-city! From yon stand,
 Impatient, still his outstretch'd hand
 Points to his prey in vain,
 While maddening in his eager mood,
 And all unwont to be withstood,
 He fires the fight again.

X.

"On! On!" was still his stern exclaim;
 "Confront the battery's jaws of flame!
 "Rush on the levell'd gun!"
 "My steel-clad cuirassiers, advance!
 "Each Hulan forward with his lance,
 "My Guard—my chosen—charge for
 France,
 "France and Napoleon!"

Loud answer'd their acclaiming shout,
 Greeting the mandate which sent out
 Their bravest and their best to dare
 The fate their leader shunn'd to share.†
 But he, his country's sword and shield,
 Still in the battle-front reveal'd,
 Where danger fiercest swept the field,
 Came like a beam of light,
 In action prompt, in sentence brief—
 "Soldiers, stand firm," exclaim'd the
 chief,
 "England shall tell the fight!"‡

XI.

On came the whirlwind—like the last
 But fiercest sweep of tempest blast—
 On came the whirlwind, steel gleams broke
 Like lightning through the rolling smoke,
 The war was waked anew,
 Three hundred cannon-mouths roar'd
 loud,
 And from their throats, with flash and
 cloud,
 Their showers of iron threw.
 Beneath their fire, in full career,
 Rush'd on the ponderous cuirassier,

* The characteristic obstinacy of Napoleon was never more fully displayed than in what we may be permitted to hope will prove the last of his fields. He would listen to no advice, and allow of no obstacles. An eye-witness has given the following account of his demeanor towards the end of the action:—

"It was near seven o'clock; Bonaparte, who, till then, had remained upon the ridge of the hill whence he could best behold what passed, contemplated, with a stern countenance, the scene of this horrible slaughter. The more that obstacles seemed to multiply, the more his obstinacy seemed to increase. He became indignant at these unforeseen difficulties; and, far from fearing to push to extremities an army whose confidence in him was boundless, he ceased not to pour down fresh troops, and to give orders to march forward—to charge with the bayonet—to carry by storm. He was repeatedly informed, from different points, that the day went against him, and that the troops seemed to be disordered; to which he only replied—*En avant! en avant!*"

"One general sent to inform the Emperor that he was in a position which he could not maintain, because it was commanded by a battery, and requested to know, at the same time, in what way he should protect his division from the murderous fire of the English artillery. 'Let him storm the battery,' replied Bonaparte, and turned his back on the aid-de-camp who brought the message."—*Relation de la Bataille de Mont-Saint-Jean. Par un Témoin Oculaire.* Paris. 1815. 8vo. p. 51.

† It has been reported that Bonaparte charged at the head of his guards at the last period of this dreadful conflict. This, however, is not accurate. He came down, indeed, to a hollow part of the high road leading to Charleroi, within less than a quarter of a mile of the farm of La Haye Sante, one of the points most fiercely disputed. Here he harangued the guards, and informed them that his preceding operations had destroyed the British infantry and cavalry, and that they had only to support the fire of the artillery, which they were to attack with the bayonet. This exhortation was received with shouts of *Vive l'Empereur*, which were heard over all our line, and led to an idea that Napoleon was charging in person. But the guards were led on by Ney; nor did Bonaparte approach nearer the scene of action than the spot already mentioned, which the rising banks on each side rendered secure from all such balls as did not come in a straight line. He witnessed the earlier part of the battle from places yet more remote, particularly from an observatory which had been placed there by the king of the Netherlands, some weeks before, for the purpose of surveying the country.* It is not meant to infer from these particulars that Napoleon showed, on that memorable occasion, the least deficiency in personal courage; on the contrary, he evinced the greatest composure and presence of mind during the whole action. But it is no less true that report has erred in ascribing to him any desperate efforts of valour for the recovery of the battle; and it is remarkable, that during the whole carnage, none of his suite were either killed or wounded, whereas scarcely one of the duke of Wellington's personal attendants escaped unhurt.

‡ In riding up to a regiment which was hard pressed, the duke called to the men, "Soldiers, we must never be beat—what will they say in England?" It is needless to say how this appeal was answered.

* The mistakes concerning this observatory have been mutual. The English supposed it was erected for the use of Bonaparte; and a French writer affirms it was constructed by the duke of Wellington.

The lancer couch'd his ruthless spear,
And hurrying as to havoc near,
The cohorts' eagles flew.
In one dark torrent, broad and strong,
The advancing onset roll'd along,
Forth harbinger'd by fierce acclaim,
That from the shroud of smoke and flame,
Peal'd wildly the imperial name.

XII.

But on the British heart were lost
The terrors of the charging host;
For not an eye the storm that view'd
Changed its proud glance of fortitude;
Nor was one forward footstep staid,
As dropp'd the dying and the dead.
Fast as their ranks the thunders tear,
Fast they renew'd each serried square;
And on the wounded and the slain
Closed their diminish'd files again,
Till from their lines scarce spears' lengths
three,

Emerging from the smoke they see
Helmet, and plume, and panoply—

Then wak'd their fire at once!
Each musketeer's revolving knell,
As fast, as regularly fell,
As when they practice to display
Their discipline on festal day.

Then down went helm and lance,
Down were the eagle banners sent,
Down reeling steeds and riders went,
Corsets were pierced, and pennons rent;
And to augment the fray,
Wheel'd full against their staggering
flanks,

The English horsemen's foaming ranks
Forced their resistless way.
Then to the musket-knell succeeds
The clash of swords—the neigh of steeds,
As plies the smith his clanging trade,
Against the cuirass rang the blade;*
And while amid their close array,
The well-served cannon rent their way,

And while amid their scatter'd band
Rag'd the fierce rider's bloody brand,
Recoil'd in common rout and fear,
Lancer, and guard, and cuirassier,
Horsemen, and foot—a mingled host,
Their leaders fall'n, their standards lost.

XIII.

Then, WELLINGTON! thy piercing eye
This crisis caught of destiny—

The British host had stood
That mourn 'gainst charge of sword and
lance

As their own ocean-rocks hold stance,
But when thy voice had said, "Advance!"
They were their ocean's flood.—

O Thou, whose inauspicious aim
Hath wrought thy host this hour of shame,
Think'st thou thy broken bands will bide
The terrors of yon rushing tide?
Or will thy chosen brook to feel
The British shock of level'd steel?†

Or dost thou turn thine eye
Where coming squadrons gleam afar,
And fresher thunders wake the war,
And other standards fly?

Think not that in yon columns, file
Thy conquering troops from distant Dyle,
Is Blucher yet unknown?

Or dwells not in thy memory still,
(Heard frequent in thine hour of ill,)
What notes of hate and vengeance thrill
In Prussia's trumpet tone?

What yet remains?—shall it be thine
To head the reliques of thy line
In one dread effort more?—

The Roman lore thy leisure loved,
And thou can'st tell what fortune proved
That chieftain, who, of yore,
Ambition's dizzy paths essay'd,
And with the gladiators' aid
For empire enterprised—

He stood the east his rashness play'd
Left not the victims he had made,

* A private soldier of the 95th regiment compared the sound which took place immediately upon the British cavalry mingling with those of the enemy, to "a thousand tinkers at work mending pots and kettles."

† No persuasion or authority could prevail upon the French troops to stand the shock of the bayonet. The imperial guards, in particular, hardly stood till the British were within thirty yards of them, although the French author, already quoted, has put into their mouths the magnanimous sentiment, "The guards never yield—they die." The same author has covered the plateau, or eminence, of St. Jean, which formed the British position, with redoubts and intrenchments which never had an existence. As the narrative, which is in many respects curious, was written by an eye-witness he was probably deceived by the appearance of a road and a ditch which runs along part of the hill. It may be also mentioned, in criticising this work, that the writer states the chateau of Hougoumont to have been carried by the French, although it was resolutely and successfully defended during the whole action. The enemy, indeed, possessed themselves of the wood by which it is surrounded, and at length set fire to the house itself; but the British (a detachment of the guards, under the command of colonel Macdonnell, and afterwards of colonel Home) made good the garden, and thus preserved, by their desperate resistance, the post which covered the return of the duke of Wellington's right flank.

Dug his red grave with his own blade,
And on the field he lost was laid,
Abhorr'd—but not despised.

XIV.

But if revolves thy fainter thought
On safety—howsoever bought,
Then turn thy fearful rein and ride,
Though twice ten thousand men have died
On this eventful day,
To gild the military fame
Which thou, for life, in traffick tame,
Wilt barter thus away.
Shall future ages tell this tale
Of inconsistency faint and frail?
And art thou he of Lodi's bridge,
Marengo's field, and Wagram's ridge!
Or is thy soul like mountain-tide,
That swell'd by winter storm and shower,
Rolls down in turbulence of power
A torrent fierce and wide;
'Reft of these aids, a rill obscure,
Shrinking unnotic'd, mean and poor,
Whose channel shows display'd
The wrecks of its impetuous course,
But not one symptom of the force
By which these wrecks were made!

XV.

Spur on thy way!—since now thine ear
Has brook'd thy veterans' wish to hear,
Who, as thy flight they ey'd,
Exclaim'd—while tears of anguish came,
Wrung forth by pride, and rage, and
shame—
“Oh that he had but died!”
But yet, to sum this hour of ill,
Look, ere thou leav'st the fatal hill,
Back on yon broken ranks—
Upon whose wild confusion gleams
The moon, as on the troubled streams
When rivers break their banks,
And, to the ruin'd peasant's eye,
Objects half seen roll swiftly by,
Down the dread current hurl'd.
So mingle banner, wain and gun,
Where the tumultuous flight rolls on
Of warriors, who, when morn begun,
Defi'd a banded world.

XVI.

List—frequent to the hurrying rout
The stern pursuers' vengeful shout
Tells, that upon their broken rear
Rages the Prussian's bloody spear.
So fell a shriek was none,
When Beresina's icy flood
Redden'd and thaw'd with flame and blood,

And pressing on thy desperate way,
Rais'd oft and long their wild hurra,
The children of the Don.
Thine ear no yell of horror cleft
So ominous, when, all bereft
Of aid, the valiant Polack left—
Ay, left by thee—found soldier's grave
In Leipsie's corpse-encumber'd wave.
Fate, in these various perils past,
Reserv'd thee still some future cast;—
On the dread die thou now hast thrown,
Hangs not a single field alone,
Nor one campaign—thy martial fame,
Thy empire, dynasty, and name,
Have felt the final stroke;
And now, o'er thy devoted head
The last stern vial's wrath is shed,
The last dread seal is broke.

XVII.

Since live thou wilt—refuse not now
Before these demagogues to bow,
Late objects of thy scorn and hate,
Who shall thy once imperial fate
Make wordy theme of vain debate.—
Or shall we say, thou stoop'st less low
In seeking refuge from the foe,
Against whose heart, in prosperous life,
Thine hand hath ever held the knife!—
Such homage hath been paid
By Roman and by Grecian voice,
And there were honour in the choice,
If it were freely made.
Then safely come—in one so low,
So lost—we cannot own a foe;
Though dear experience bid us end,
In thee we ne'er can hail a friend.—
Come, howsoe'er—but do not hide
Close in thy heart that germ of pride,
Erewhile by gifted bard espied,
That “yet imperial hope;”
Think not that for a fresh rebound,
To raise ambition from the ground,
We yield thee means or scope.
In safety come—but ne'er again
Hold type of independent reign;
No islet calls thee lord,
We leave thee no confederate band,
No symbol of thy lost command,
To be a dagger in the hand
From which we wrench'd the sword.

XVIII.

Yet, e'en in yon sequester'd spot,
May worthier conquest be thy lot
Than yet thy life has known;
Conquest, unbought by blood or harm,
That needs nor foreign aid nor arm,
A triumph all thine own,

Such waits thee when thou shalt control
 Those passions wild, that stubborn soul,
 That marr'd thy prosperous scene:
 Hear this—from no unmoved heart,
 Which sighs, comparing what thou art
 With what thou might'st have been!

XIX.

Thou, too, whose deeds of fame renew'd
 Bankrupt a nation's gratitude,
 To thine own noble heart must owe
 More than the meed she can bestow.
 For not a people's just acclaim,
 Not the full hail of Europe's fame,
 Thy prince's smiles, thy state's decree,
 The ducal rank, the garter'd knee,
 Not these such pure delight afford
 As that, when, hanging up thy sword,
 Well may'st thou think, "This honest
 steel

Was ever drawn for public weal;
 And, such was rightful Heaven's decree,
 Ne'er sheathed unless with victory!"

XX.

Look forth, once more, with soften'd heart,
 Ere from the field of fame we part;
 Triumph and sorrow border near,
 And joy oft melts into a tear.
 Alas! what links of love that morn
 Has War's rude hand asunder torn!
 For ne'er was field so sternly fought,
 And ne'er was conquest dearer bought.
 Here, pil'd in common slaughter, sleep
 Those whom affection long shall weep;
 Here rests the sire, that ne'er shall strain
 His orphans to his heart again;
 The son, whom, on his native shore,
 The parent's voice shall bless no more;
 The bridegroom, who has hardly press'd
 His blushing consort to his breast;
 The husband, whom, through many a year
 Long love and mutual faith endear.
 Thou can'st not name one tender tie
 But here, dissolv'd, its reliques lie!
 O when thou see'st some mourner's veil
 Shroud her thin form and visage pale,
 Or mark'st the matron's bursting tears
 Stream when the stricken drum she hears,
 Or see'st how manlier grief, suppress'd,
 Is labouring in a father's breast,—
 With no inquiry vain pursue
 The cause, but think on Waterloo!

XXI.

Period of honour as of woes,
 What bright careers 'twas thine to close!
 Mark'd on thy roll of blood what names,
 To Britain's memory, and to Fame's,

Laid there their last immortal claims!
 Thou saw'st in seas of gore expire
 Redoubted Picton's soul of fire—
 Saw'st in the mingled carnage lie
 All that of Ponsonby could die—
 De Laney change Love's bridal wreath
 For laurels from the hand of death—
 Saw'st gallant Miller's failing eye
 Still bent where Albion's banners fly,
 And Cameron, in the shock of steel,
 Die like the offspring of Lochiel;
 And generous Gordon, 'mid the strife,
 Fall while he watch'd his leader's life.
 Ah! though her guardian angel's shield
 Fenc'd Britain's hero through the field,
 Fate not the less her power made known,
 Thro' his friends' hearts to pierce his own!

XXII.

Forgive, brave dead, th' imperfect lay!
 Who may your names, your numbers, say?
 What high-strung harp, what lofty line,
 To each the dear earn'd praise assign,
 From high-born chiefs of martial fame
 To the poor soldier's lowlier name?
 Lightly ye rose, that dawning day,
 From your cold couch of swamp and clay,
 To fill, before the sun was low,
 The bed that morning cannot know.
 Oft may the tear the green sod steep,
 And sacred be the heroes' sleep,
 Till time shall cease to run;
 And ne'er beside their noble grave
 May Briton pass, and fail to crave
 A blessing on the fallen brave
 Who fought with Wellington!

XXIII.

Farewell, sad Field! whose blighted face
 Wears Desolation's withering trace;
 Long shall my memory retain
 Thy shatter'd huts and trampled grain,
 With every mark of martial wrong,
 That scathe thy towers, fair Hougomont!
 Yet though thy garden's green arcade
 The marksman's fatal post was made,
 Though on thy shatter'd beeches fell
 The blended rage of shot and shell,
 Though from thy blacken'd portals torn
 Their fall thy blighted fruit-trees mourn,
 Has not such havoc bought a name
 Immortal in the rolls of fame?
 Yes—Agincourt may be forgot,
 And Cressy be an unknown spot,
 And Blenheim's name be new:
 But still in story and in song,
 For many an age remember'd long,
 Shall live the towers of Hougomont,
 And fields of Waterloo.

CONCLUSION.

Stern tide of human Time! That know'st
not rest,

But, sweeping from the cradle to the
tomb,

Bear'st ever downward on thy dusky
breast

Successive generations to their doom:
While thy capacious stream has equal
room

For the gay bark where Pleasure's
streamers sport,

And for the prison-ship of guilt and gloom,
The fisher-skiff, and barge that bears a
court,

Still wafting onward all to one dark silent
port.

Stern tide of Time! through what myste-
rious change

Of hope and fear have our frail barks
been driven!

For ne'er, before, vicissitude so strange
Was to one race of Adam's offspring
given.

And sure such varied change of sea and
heaven,

Such unexpected bursts of joy and wo,
Such fearful strife as that where we have
striven,

Succeeding ages ne'er again shall know,
Until the awful term when thou shalt
cease to flow.

Well hast thou stood, my country!—the
brave fight

Hast well maintain'd through good re-
port and ill;

In thy just cause, and in thy native might,
And in Heaven's grace and justice con-
stant still.

Whether the banded prowess, strength,
and skill

Of half the world against thee stood ar-
ray'd,

Or when, with better views and freer will,
Beside thee Europe's noblest drew the
blade,

Each emulous in arms the Ocean Queen
to aid.

Well art thou now repaid—though slowly
rose,

And struggled long with mists thy
blaze of fame,

While like the dawn that in the orient
glows

On the broad wave its earlier lustre
came;

Then eastern Egypt saw the growing
flame,

And Maida's myrtles gleam'd beneath
its ray,

Where first the soldier, stung with gene-
rous shame,

Rivall'd the heroes of the wat'ry way,
And wash'd in foemen's gore, unjust re-
proach away.

Now, Island Empress, wave thy crest on
high,

And bid the banner of thy patron flow,
Gallant Saint George, the flower of Chi-
valry!

For thou hast fac'd, like him, a dragon
foe,

And rescu'd innocence from overthrow,
And trampled down, like him, tyrannic
might,

And to the gazing world may'st proudly
show

The chosen emblem of thy sainted
knight,

Who quell'd devouring pride, and vindic-
ated right.

Yet, 'mid the confidence of just renown,
Renown dear bought, but dearest thus
acquir'd,

Write, Britain, write the moral lesson
down;

'Tis not alone the heart with valour
fir'd,

The discipline so dreaded and admired,
In many a field of bloody conquest
known—

Such may by fame be lured, by gold be
hired—

'Tis constancy in the good cause alone
Best justifies the meed thy valiant sons
have won.

DOMESTIC LITERATURE.

Memoirs of the lives of Benjamin Lay and Rulph Sandiford. By Roberts Vaux. 12mo. pp. 73. Philadelphia. S. W. Conrad. "Among the events which occasionally appear in the history of nations, to dignify and adorn their character, and shed over them a ray of genuine greatness and glory, the abolition of the African slave trade must be admitted to hold a conspicuous place. It was one of the purest offerings ever borne by lawgivers to the altar of justice—the most acceptable tribute which legislative power could pay at the shrine of mercy. Whilst, however, it is customary to admire the wisdom, and applaud the virtue of those governments which have wiped such pollution from their name, it should equally be a pleasure and a duty, to recognize the labours of individuals in that noble cause of reformation and benevolence. It would be difficult to calculate precisely how extensive and availing the efforts of two men might be in correcting the opinions of a large community, especially if their exertions should be so much in opposition to the interests, the habits, and sentiments of a people, as to excite towards them the spirit of intolerance and persecution. This remark is certainly applicable to the history of Lay and Sandiford, who were among the first of the very few in any country that had just conceptions of the rights of the enslaved Africans, and sufficient firmness to avow their opinions concerning the cruelty which was triumphantly exercised over that oppressed race of men."

This extract from the author's preface explains his laudable motive for endeavouring to rescue from oblivion the names of the two meritorious subjects of his biographical work.

Natural and Statistical View, or Picture of Cincinnati and the Miami country, illustrated by maps. With an appendix containing observations on the late earthquakes, the aurora borealis, and southwest wind.—By Daniel Drake. 12mo. pp. 251. Cincinnati. Looker and Wallace. 1815. This is a plain, well-written, useful work, and cannot fail to be interesting to those who intend emigrating to the state of Ohio, or to those who delight in contemplating the rapid march of the prosperity of our country. But the reader must not expect to be entertained with such romantic tales as were fancied or fabricated by Brissot and Im-lay. He will not read of an earthly paradise where virtue, freedom, and felicity forever reign undisturbed, but of an extensive and fertile region, where industrious families may, by labour, acquire independence, with many of the comforts and not a few of the luxuries of life. The book contains, besides what the title-page announces, a general view of the state of society and manners, and observations on the prevailing diseases, of the districts described. The following passage shows the wonderful increase of the population of the western states.

"It appears that the population of Tennessee increased, from 1791 to 1800, at the rate of twelve and three-fourths per cent, and doubled in six years; from 1800 to 1810, at the rate of nine and a half per cent, and doubled in eight years. Since that time, if the rate of increase has diminished regularly, it amounts to about six and three-tenths per cent, and will cause the population to double in little more than eleven years.

"From tables of a similar kind for Kentucky, it appears that the population from 1790 to 1800 increased at the rate of about eleven and six-tenths per cent, and was doubled in less than seven years; from 1800 to 1810, at the rate of six and three-tenths per cent, and doubled itself in something more than eleven years. Since 1810 it probably increases at the rate of three and one-third per cent, and will require, for the period of doubling, about twenty-three years.

* In Ohio, the population was augmented at the rate of thirty and one-fourth per cent, and doubled in less than three years between 1790 and 1800: from the latter period till 1810, it advanced at the rate of eighteen and a half per cent,

and nearly doubled every four years. Since 1810, it probably increases at the rate of seven and eight-tenths per cent, and will double itself in less than ten years.

"From these rates of increase, the population of the present year (1814) in round numbers must be nearly as follows: Kentucky 420,000, Tennessee 334,000, Ohio 312,000. In 1820, it will probably approach to the following: Kentucky 453,000, Tennessee 481,000, Ohio 492,000."

"The people of the Miami country," we are told, "may in part be characterized, as industrious, frugal, temperate, patriotic, and religious; with as much intelligence, and more enterprise, than the families from which they were detached."

"In Cincinnati the population is more compounded, and the constant addition of emigrants from numerous countries, in varying proportions, must for many years render nugatory all attempts at a faithful portraiture. There is no state in the union which has not enriched our town with some of its more enterprising or restless citizens; nor a kingdom of the west of Europe whose adventurous or desperate exiles are not commingled with us. To Kentucky, and the states north of Virginia—to England, Ireland, Germany, Scotland, France and Holland, we are most indebted."

An Appeal to the public on the conduct of the banks in the city of New-York. By a citizen. 8vo. pp. 21. The banks spoken of in the title-page are censured by this writer for the loans made by them to government during the war—from patriotic considerations, as it was then alleged. In his opinion the large issues of paper which these loans required, in addition to the ordinary demands for the commercial currency, and the subsequent depreciation of public stock, rendered a suspension of their payments inevitable.

The generosity of patriotism is certainly entitled to a high rank among the social virtues; but its exercise, like that of every other virtue, should be regulated by justice. Let the patriot gratify his generous zeal with every thing *which he can justly call his own*; but let him not be liberal, even to his country, at other people's expense. If he gives or lends, even for her use, the money which has been deposited in his hands for safe keeping only, he deserves the reproach of something much worse than imprudence; and if he lends it on terms of advantage to himself, when none of the benefit can accrue to its rightful owner, his speculation may be attributed to something very different from patriotism. If again, the speculation proving fortunate, he should determine to retain the whole profit in his own possession, instead of employing a part of it to indemnify the confiding creditor, at whose expense it was realized, we should be apt to give him an appellation at which delicate and respectable ears would feel shocked.

But the evil which has led to these remarks is done; and our attention should now be chiefly directed to provide a remedy. With reference to that which was suggested in our last number (p. 507, et seq.) we would beg leave to observe that it might be adopted at a smaller nominal sacrifice of revenue, (for in truth the sacrifice would be only nominal,) than at first appeared necessary. The diminution of the duties of impost, from the rate at which they would otherwise be fixed, of only an eighth or a tenth part, would enable the importing merchants to pay them in specie without difficulty. The consequent payment by the government of the interest, and a reimbursement annually of a portion of the capital, of the six per cent stocks, in the same money, would speedily raise them to par; a consequence which from their present prices here and in Europe may be considered certain. They might then be made to supply the place of coin, for the payment of bank notes, *at their full par price invariably*. This arrangement would be more simple and more favourable to the banks, than that we originally proposed; and it would prevent the inconvenience—the only one we have heard suggested—which might arise from the different prices of those funds in the different states. Should specie payments be resumed, the banks could not for a long time venture to issue much more paper than they had cash to redeem, so greatly has their credit suffered in the public opinion; but by this

plan they would be secured against a run being made upon them; their funded capital affording them at the same time a reasonable revenue, and the ready means of fulfilling their engagements without making any sacrifice. The six per cent stocks, being raised, by the payment of the interest and the purchases of the commissioners of the sinking fund with specie, to their full nominal value, would serve, for the support of the circulating medium, as a new coinage to the same amount: and would consequently—by the adoption of the proposed plan—raise bank notes to a par with coin, without the expense of the large importation of specie which the resumption of the old banking system would require.

The Port Folio has been transferred to J. E. Hall, Esqr. professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in the University of Maryland, one of the early and zealous supporters of that long established, respectable Literary Journal. It will be published by Harrison Hall, No. 133, Chesnut street. It is the intention of the proprietors, if the work should be patronized sufficiently to justify the additional expense, to publish, in occasional numbers, a Supplement, which will form a third volume in the course of the year, and comprise state papers and a summary of public events.

Thomas R. Peters, Esqr. of Philadelphia, proposes to publish a complete Statistical account of the state of Pennsylvania. To obtain the materials for this purpose, he has issued circular letters, requesting information on all the subjects which the work should embrace. The general utility of such a compilation is manifest. It will, to use the writer's own words, "exhibit to the legislator and statesman the true, and elevated, and legitimate objects to which their cares and their talents should be directed—to the farmer and landholder the innate riches of our soil and the proper subjects of their industry and enterprise—to the artisan and manufacturer their independence for the subjects of their skill and the material of their ingenious labours, on foreign products—and to the community at large the sources of their enviable and progressive prosperity—it will exhibit to the world the inherent strength, the inexhaustible resources, and the substantial and unparalleled happiness with which a propitious heaven has blessed our country."

Proposals have been issued for publishing in monthly numbers, a new periodical work, to be entitled the PORTICO. It is to contain miscellaneous letters and essays, original and selected criticisms, poetry, and a chronicle of interesting national events. The editor is spoken of as a man of learning and talents.

J. Bacon, Esqr. of this state, proposes to publish, as soon as one thousand subscribers to his contemplated work shall have been obtained, a monthly journal, to be entitled "*The Academical Herald and Journal of Education, devoted to the institutions of the United States.*" It is intended to contain ample and minute information concerning the origin, progress, and present condition of the universities, colleges, academies, public schools, and every literary institution of this country. The price of the work will be six dollars per annum.

Thomas Dobson proposes to publish, by subscription, an American Register, or Summary of History, Politics, and Literature, to be issued semi-annually, and conducted by Robert Walsh, Esqr. The prospectus is neat, comprehensive, unostentatious and unassuming.

FOREIGN LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

FROM LATE BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

The following original American works have been lately republished in England:

An edition of Messrs. Lewis and Clark's Travels to the Source of the Missouri and thence to the Pacific Ocean; in three volumes, octavo. Illustrated by maps.

Remarkable Sermons, by Rachel Baker, delivered during her sleep, with devotional exercises; and remarks by Dr. Mitchell. 12mo.

Exposition of the Causes and Character of the Late War with Great Britain. A pamphlet.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Martha Laurens Ramsay, of Charleston, S. Carolina; edited by David Ramsay, M. D. from the third American edition.

A work has been published in London, entitled *The Naval Monitor*; containing many useful hints for both the public and private conduct of the young gentlemen in or entering that profession in all its branches; in the course of which, under the remarks on gunnery, are some observations on the naval actions with America. Also, a plan for Improving the Naval System as it regards that most useful set of petty officers, the midshipmen. By an officer in the navy. 12mo.

The East India Company have established a press in China, and have undertaken to print, at their sole expense, a voluminous Chinese Dictionary, now executing by the Rev. Robert Mason, resident in China, and acting at present as Chinese interpreter to the factory at Canton.

Mr. Edmund L. Swift, barrister at law, a lineal descendant of the celebrated dean of St. Patrick, has in the press *Waterloo*, and other poems.

Dr. Henry is printing a new edition of his *Elements of Chemistry*, with very considerable additions and improvements.

Rev. P. Keith, F. L. S. is about to publish a system of *Physiological Botany*, in 2 vols. 8vo. with plates, drawn and engraved by Mr. Sowerby.

A Series of Fifteen Year's Correspondence of the late David Hume, Esqr. has lately been discovered. These letters, which are preparing for publication, are addressed between the years 1760 and 1775 to the countess de Boufflers and the marchioness de Barbantine, at that time two of the most distinguished ladies in France.

A new work has just appeared in Paris, and has already reached a 4th edition, entitled "*Loisirs de Buonaparte*." The private hours of Napoleon Buonaparte from his earliest years to the period of his marriage with the arch duchess Maria Louisa, written by himself, during his residence in the island of Elba.

The author of "*Plain Sense*" and "*Things by their right Names*," has nearly completed her new work, entitled "*Rhoda*."

Mr. Chitty will soon publish, in three royal octavo volumes, a *Comprehensive Treatise on the Practice of Criminal Law*.

The Rev. Archibald Allison has a *second* volume of *Sermons* nearly ready for publication.

An Inquiry into the present state of the British Navy, with Reflections on the late War with America, is among the works whose speedy appearance is announced.

Mr. J. G. Jackson is preparing an edition of some fragments of Orations of Cicero, lately found in the Ambrosian Library at Milan.

A second volume is printing of "Discourses on the Principles of Religious belief, as connected with Human Happiness and Improvement;" by the Rev. Robert Morehead.

Mr. Crabb has completed for the press, his dictionary of English Synonyms.

A System of Mechanical Philosophy, by the late John Robison, L. L. D. professor of natural philosophy in the University, and secretary to the Royal Society of Edinburgh—with notes and illustrations, comprising the most recent discoveries in the physical sciences, is preparing for publication, by David Brewster, L. L. D. in four volumes, 8vo. with plates.

Mr. C. Fletcher, of Nottingham, is printing a work on the History of the Human Mind, deduced from the formation and analogy of language.

Captain Roebuck, of the college of Calcutta, announces a Hindoostanee and English Dictionary, comprising all the words in previous dictionaries, with extensive additions of words and idiomatic phrases.

Ensign Houghton likewise is engaged on a Persian, Arabic, and English Dictionary, which is to include the technical language of arts and trades.

Speedily will be published, a pocket edition of Dr. William Cullen's Practice of Physic, containing all the modern discoveries in medicine, with prescriptions according to the nomenclature of the new Pharmacopia; to which will be added, a table of the old and new names.

M. Orfila, a Spanish physician, has presented to the French Institute, an extensive work on Poisons, considered with respect to medicines and medical jurisprudence. We have only perused the first volume which treats of the poisons of mercury, antimony, and copper. The author has detailed many experiments on the difference which the presence of various aliments occasions in the way in which poisons act with the re-agents differences, which may, in certain cases, disguise their properties and prevent us from ascertaining them; he has pointed out all the precautions necessary for coroners, lawyers, and medical men, when the ends of justice are to be attained. He has particularly endeavoured, with the greatest care, to verify all the known methods of arresting the deleterious effects of these poisons, and to find new remedies where the old have failed. Thus, according to M. Orfila, the only antidote against corrosive sublimate is albumen or white of eggs diluted in water, and against verdigrise, common lump sugar, a result to which theory never would have led us.

In the press, and will be speedily published, Travels in Poland, Austria, Bavaria, Saxony, and the Tyrol. By baron d'Uklanski.

A new edition is preparing of the memoranda on the subject of the Earl of Elgin's Pursuits in Greece; to which will be added two Letters from Benjamin West, Esqr. descriptive of the subjects and sculptors of the Elgin marbles; notes on Phidias and his school, collected from ancient authors: and a description of the bas relief of the Parthenon. By M. Millin.

Sir F. C. Morgan, physician, is printing Outlines of the Philosophy of Life; a work which has for its object the diffusion of a more general knowledge of the fundamental facts of physiology.

Mr. Pontey, author of the Forest Pruner's Assistant, is preparing a work on the Theory and Practice of Ornamental Gardening, which will form a quarto volume, with numerous plates and illustrations.

The Rev. H. K. Bonney, prebendary of Lincoln, has in the press a Life of Jeremy Taylor, bishop of Down, with an account of his writings.

A new edition of the *British Plutarch*, with considerable additions, by Mr. Wrangham, is printing in six octavo volumes.

Messrs. Highley and Son will publish in a few days, a *Chemical Table*, by Mr. Crowe, surgeon in the royal navy, exhibiting an elementary view of chemistry, intended for the use of students and young practitioners in physic, also to revive the memory of more experienced persons, being very convenient for hanging in public and private libraries.

The Rev. H. Batten will soon publish a *Report* of a series of experiments in Education; showing that children will learn as much in one year by the interrogative system, as in four years by the ordinary methods.

Mrs. Bryan has in the press, a compendious *Astronomical and Geographical Class Book*, for the use of families and young persons.

Mr. J. Coxe has in the press, a *Picture of Italy*, including a complete guide to all the curiosities and antiquities of that country, illustrated by maps and other engravings.

Mr. Donavan is printing his *Essay on the origin, progress, and present state of Galvanism*, which gained the prize of the Royal Irish Academy.

In a few days will be published, an *Inquiry into the Integrity of the Greek Vulgate*, or received Text of the New Testament; in which the Greek manuscripts are newly classed, the integrity of the authorized text vindicated, and the various readings traced to their origin. By the Rev. Frederick Nolan, a Presbyterian of the United Church. 8vo. 16s. boards.

A new edition of the much esteemed *Sermons of Martin Luther*, accompanied by a full length portrait of that great reformer, from the large German print, is in forwardness, and may be expected in the course of the month—one volume 8vo.

General Alexander Beatson, late governor of St. Helena, has in the press, in a quarto volume, *Tracts on various subjects relative to St. Helena*, written during a residence of five years; illustrated by engravings.

Early in the winter will be published, elegantly printed in 4to. and illustrated by numerous engravings, *Travels in various countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa*. Volume the fourth, by Edward Daniel Clarke, L. L. D.

The Calcutta press appears to be in great activity, under the sanction of the present governor-general; nearly a score of interesting works being announced.

Among them are a translation of the New Testament into Arabic, by Mess. Thomason and Sabat; a grammar of the Telinga language, by professor Carey; a Chinese Grammar by the Rev. Mr. Morrison; Quamoos, an Arabic Lexicon, a Punjabee Dictionary, explained in Persian and Hindoostanee; a grammar of the Tartar language; besides translations into English of many poems, and moral treatises.

The Rev. T. R. Malthus, professor of history and political economy in the East India College, announces *Miscellaneous Tracts and Observations on the most interesting and important subjects of Political Economy*.

At length the literary desideratum of a Greek and English Lexicon is preparing under the auspices of the University of Cambridge, by the Rev. E. V. Bloomfield, fellow of Emanuel College, highly respected for his classical acquirements. This was amongst the projects of the late Gilbert Wakefield, and was announced by him a short time before his lamented and premature decease. We are assured that Mr. Bloomfield is fully qualified to do justice to the design of Mr. Wakefield: his resources are abundant, and assistance has been tendered to him by many of the ablest scholars in the country. It is understood that he will avail himself of all existing lexicons and indexes, and particularly of Schneider's Greek and German Lexicon. The patronage of the University is stated to

have been liberal. The completion of this design cannot fail to increase the study of the Greek language, the approaches to which, among English students, have hitherto been embarrassed by the medium of the Latin.

The Highland Society of London has appointed a committee of correspondence and papers, and proposes to publish, from time to time, a volume of original communications relative to Celtic antiquities. Among the members of this committee the names of lord chief baron Macdonald, sir John Sinclair, Mr. Galt, and Dr. M'Kinnon are mentioned. The society, we likewise hear, has it in contemplation to publish a cheap edition of the poems of Ossian in the original language, for the use of the Gaelic schools in Scotland.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BOOKS REPUBLISHED IN DECEMBER.

By M. Carey, Philadelphia.—Humboldt's personal narrative of Travels to the Equinoctial Regions of the New Continent. 1 vol. 8vo. 275 cents.

Moore's Irish Melodies. 1 vol. 18mo. 75 cents.

The Heroine. A romance, by E. S. Barret, Esquire. 2 vols. 18mo. 150 cents.

J. Conrad & Co.—Labaume's Narrative of the Campaign in Russia, with plans of the Battles, &c. 1 vol. 8vo. 250 cents.

Coale & Maxwell, Baltimore.—Anster Fair, with other poems. 1 vol. 18mo. 75 cents.

J. Belden & Co. and Van Winkle & Wiley, New York.—Cobbet's Letters on the late War between the United States and Great Britain. 1 vol. 8vo. \$2.

M' Dermut & Arden, New York.—The Juvenile Lavater, by George Brewer, author of "Leisure Hours," &c. 1 vol. 18mo. Wood cuts. 87 1-2 cents.

Wells & Lilly, Boston.—Vol. 3 of Cowper's Poems; containing his Posthumous Poetry, and a Sketch of his Life. By his kinsman, JOHN JOHNSON, L. L. D. 1 vol. 24mo.

Practical Hints to Young Females, on the Duties of a Wife, a Mother, and a Mistress of a Family. By Mrs. Taylor.

R. P. & C. Williams, Boston.—A Christian Minister's Affectionate Advice to a New Married Couple. 1 vol. 12mo.

IN PRESS,

By Van Winkle & Wiley, N. York.—"Says she to her Neighbour, What?" By Mrs. Hofland, author of Son of a Genius, &c. 2 vols. 12mo.

J. Riley.—Second volume Digest of American Reports, 3d vol. Munford, and 9th Taunton's Reports.

A Treatise on the Law relative to the Rights of Lien and Stoppage in Transitu. By Richard Whitaker, Esqr.

The Law of Carriers, Inn-Keepers, Warehousemen, &c. By Henry Jeremy, Esqr.

E. Earle, Philadelphia, and Eastburn, Kirk & Co. New York.—The Last Travels of Mungo Parke; with his Biography, and an account of his Death; accompanied with a large and valuable corrected Map of that part of Africa, through which he twice travelled.

Clan-Albin, a national tale. 3 vols. 12mo.